

THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES
VOLUME LVII.

No. 3570 December 7, 1912

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VOL. CCLXXV

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

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AUDENARDE.

He was round and ruby-faced, he was
 belted, frogged, and laced,
 And he stood just four feet nine;
 I can almost see him now, with his
 jolly tow-row-row,
 And his drum-sticks twinkling fine;
 Through St. James's and the "Mell,"
 how he used to strut and swell
 To the changing of the guard,—
 But they said he stepped his proudest,
 and they said he drummed his
 loudest,
 When they went to Audenarde.

They had fifteen miles to make, and
 the brimming Scheldt to take,
 Ere they brought the French to bay;
 But he finished like a winner, though
 he went without his dinner,
 And he drummed it all the way;
 As they waded through the sedges, as
 they scrambled through the hedges,
 And the fight grew hot and hard,
 Not for all the bullets humming would
 he stop his jaunty drumming,
 When they went to Audenarde.

He was seen amid the flashes, he was
 heard above the crashes,
 He was first in each attack;
 But they looked for him in vain in the
 darkness and the rain,
 When they came to bivouac:
 He was lying in the daisies, with his
 drum-head shot to blazes
 And one chubby cheek all scarred,—
 He had died for good Queen Anne like
 a valliant English man.
 When they went to Audenarde.

So they laid him by the Scheldt, in his
 epaulettes and belt,
 With his drum-sticks in his hands;
 And we shall not see him now, with
 his jolly tow-row-row,
 When the old battalion lands;
 Through St. James's and the "Mell,"
 he will no more strut and swell
 To the changing of the guard,
 For with every step he trod, he was
 marching up to God,
 When they went to Audenarde.

Frank Taylor.

The Spectator.

LUX IN TENEBRIS.

The drear day ringeth evensong in
 the dark and murky town,
 And even we, though not for long, may
 lay our burdens down.
 We that are broken and poor and old,
 we that are bent and grey,
 May rest in our garrets bare and cold
 till the dawn of the weary day.

Now let us speak to our only Friend,
 Who hears us when we pray,
 That we endure until the end, nor turn
 from the bitter Way.
 We are beaten and broken and set
 apart from the Pride of Life so fair,
 But we thank our Friend, with a brim-
 ming heart, that we yet have
 strength to bear.

Oh, may we bear till the heavy load
 may be laid for ever down,
 And each may take a certain Road that
 leads from the murky town,
 From the dreary Town of Evil Chance,
 and over the hills so blue,
 Till we win to the Land of True Ro-
 mance, where the old, old tales
 are true.

Each by himself we must fare, we
 know, but the way it is plain to
 see;
 Straighter than homing birds we'll go,
 to the land where we fain would
 be;
 Oh, the way it is plain for the poor to
 find, to the Gate we may lightly
 win,
 And we trust to the Grace of our
 Father kind, to open and let us in.

H. Thompson.

RAIN IN SUMMER.

Clouds fill the hollows of the hills
 And softly bless the mountain gorses;
 And all the tiny, tired rills
 Run gally down their rocky courses.

In answer to man's fretful cry
 That rain has spollt the summer
 weather

Glad music swells mysteriously
 From green things singing together.

Eleanor Sheffield.

The Westminster Gazette.

THE AWKWARD AGE OF THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT.

"And what did she get by it?" said my Uncle Toby.

"What does any woman get by it?" said my father.

"*Martyrdom*," replied the young Benedictine.

Tristram Shandy.

The present situation of Women's Suffrage in England recalls the old puzzle. What happens when an irresistible force meets an immovable body? The irresistible force is the religious passion of myriads of women, the fury of self-sacrifice, the righteous zeal that shrinks not even from crime; the immovable body may be summed up as Mr. Asquith. Almost as gross an incarnation of Tory prejudice as Squire Western, who laid it down that women should come in with the first dish and go out with the first glass, Mr. Asquith is all that stands between the sex and the suffrage.

The answer to the old puzzle, I suppose, would be that though the immovable body does not move, yet the impact of the irresistible force generates heat, which, as we know from Tyn-dall, is a mode of motion. At any rate, heat is the only mode in which the progress of Women's Suffrage can be registered today. The movement has come to what Mr. Henry James might call "the awkward age:" an age which has passed beyond argument without arriving at achievement; an age for which words are too small and blows too big. And because impatience has been the salvation of the movement, and because the suffragette will not believe that the fiery charger which has carried her so far cannot really climb the last ridge of the mountain, but must be replaced by a mule—that miserable compromise between a steed and an anti-suffragist—the awkward age is also the dangerous age.

When the Cabinet of Clement's Inn,

perceiving that if a Women's Suffrage Bill did not pass this session, the last chance—under the Parliament Act—was gone for this Parliament, resolved to rouse public opinion by breaking tradesmen's windows, it overlooked that the English are a nation of shopkeepers, and that the public opinion thus roused would be for the first time almost unreservedly on the side of the Government. And when the Cabinet of Downing Street, moved to responsive recklessness, raided the quarters of the Women's Social and Political Union and indicted the leaders for criminal conspiracy, it equally overlooked an essential factor of the situation. The Cabinet of the conspiracy was at least as much a restraint to suffragettes as an incentive. It held in order the more violent members, the souls naturally daring or maddened by forcible feeding. By its imposition of minor forms of lawlessness it checked the suggestion of major forms. Crime was controlled by a curriculum and temper steadied by a time-table. The interruptions at meetings were distributed among the supposed neuropaths like parts at a play, and woe to the maenad who missed her cue. With the police, too, the suffragettes lived for the most part on terms of cordial co-operation, each side recognizing that the other must do its duty. When the suffragettes planned a raid upon Downing Street or the House of Commons, they gave notice of time and place, and were provided with a sufficient force of police to prevent it. Were the day inconvenient for the police, owing to the pressure of social engagements, another day was fixed, politics permitting. The *entente cordiale* extended even in some instances to the gaolers and the bench, and, as

in those early days of the Quaker persecution of which Milton's friend, Ellwood, has left record, prisoners sometimes left their cells for a night to attend to imperative affairs, or good-naturedly shortened or cancelled their sentences at the pressing solicitation of perturbed magistrates. Prison was purified by all these gentle presences, and women criminals profited by the removal of the abuses they challenged. Holloway became a home from home, in which beaming wardresses welcomed old offenders, and to which husband's conducted erring wives in taxi-cabs, much as Ellwood and his brethren marched of themselves from Newgate to Bridewell, explaining to the astonished citizens of London that their word was their keeper. A suffragette's word stood higher than consols, and the war-game was played, cards on table. True, there were brutal interludes when Home Secretaries lost their heads, or hysterical magistrates their sense of justice, or when the chivalrous constabulary of Westminster was replaced by Whitechapel police, dense to the courtesies of the situation; but even these tragedies were transfused by its humors, by the subtle duel of woman's wit and man's lumbering legalism. The hunger-strike itself, with all its grim horrors and heroisms, was like the plot of a Gilbertian opera. It placed the Government on the horns of an Irish bull. Either the law must kill or torture prisoners condemned for mild offences, or it must permit them to dictate their own terms of durance. The criminal code, whose dignity generations of male rebels could not impair, the whole array of warders, lawyers, judges, juries, and policemen, which all the scorn of a Tolstoi could not shrivel, shrank into a laughing-stock. And the comedy of the situation was complicated and enhanced by the fact that the Home Office, so far from being an Inquisi-

tion, was more or less tenanted by sympathisers with Female Suffrage, and that a Home Secretary who secretly admired the quixotry of the hunger-strikers was forced to feed them forcibly. He must either be denounced by the suffragettes as a Torquemada or by the public as an incapable. Bayard himself could not have coped with the position. There was no place like the Home Office, and its administrators, like the Governors of the Gold Coast, had to be relieved at frequent intervals. As for the police, their one aim in life became to avoid arresting suffragettes.

Such was the situation which the Governmental *coup* transformed to tragedy unrelieved, giving us in the place of ordered lawlessness and responsible leadership a guerilla warfare against society by irresponsible individuals, more or less unbalanced. That the heroic incendiary Mrs. Leigh, who deserved penal servitude and a statue, had been driven wild by forcible feeding was a fact that had given considerable uneasiness to headquarters, but she had been kept in comparative discipline. Now that discipline has been destroyed, it is possible that other free-lances will catch the contagion of crime; nay, there are signs that the leaders themselves are being infected through the difficulty of disavowing their martyrs. The wisest course for the Government would be to pardon Miss Pankhurst, of Paris, and officially invite her to resume control of her followers before they have quite controlled her.

But even without such a crowning confession of the failure of its *coup*, the humiliation of the Government has been sufficiently complete. Forced to put Mrs. Pankhurst and the Pethick Lawrences into the luxurious category of political prisoners, next to release them altogether, and finally to liberate their humblest followers, their hunger-

strike on behalf of whose equal treatment set a new standard of military chivalry, the Government succeeded only in investing the vanished Christabel with a new glamour. The Women's Social and Political Union has again baffled the Government, and come triumphantly even through the window-breaking episode. For if that episode was followed by the rejection of the second reading of the Women's Suffrage Bill, second readings, like the oaths of the profane, had come to be absolutely without significance, and the blocking of the Bill beyond this stage had been assured long before by the tactics of Mr. Redmond, whose passion for justice, like Mr. Asquith's passion for popular government, is so curiously mono-sexual. The only discount from the Union's winnings is that it gave mendacious M. P.'s, anxious to back out of Women's Suffrage, a soft bed to lie on.

One should perhaps also add to the debit side of the account a considerable loss of popularity on the part of the suffragettes, a loss which would become complete were window-breaking to pass into graver crimes, and which would entirely paralyze the effect of their tactics.

For the tactics of the prison and the hunger-strike depend for their value upon the innocence of the prisoners. Their offence must be merely nominal or technical. The suffragettes had rediscovered the Quaker truth that the spirit is stronger than all the forces of Government, and that things may really come by fasting and prayer. Even the window-breaking, though a perilous approach to the methods of the Pagan male, was only a damage to insensitive material for which the window-breakers were prepared to pay in conscious suffering. But once the injury was done to flesh and blood, the injurer would only be paying tooth for tooth and eye for eye; and all the

sympathy would go, not to the assailant, but to the victim. Mrs. Pankhurst says the Government must either give votes to women or "prepare to send large numbers of women to penal servitude." That would be indeed awkward for the Government if penal servitude were easily procurable. Unfortunately, the women must first qualify for it, and their crimes would disembarass the Government. Mrs. Leigh could have been safely left to starve had her attempted arson of that theatre really come off, especially with loss of life. Thus violence may be "militant," but it is not "tactics." And violence against society at large is peculiarly tactless. George Fox would hardly occupy so exalted a niche in history if he had used his hammer to make not shoes but corpses.

The suffragettes who run amok have, in fact, become the victims of their own vocabulary. Their Union was "militant," but a church militant, not an army militant. The Salvation Army might as well suddenly take to shooting the heathen. It was only by mob misunderstanding that the suffragettes were conceived as viragoes, just as it was only by mob misunderstanding that the members of the Society of Friends were conceived as desperadoes. If it cannot be said that their proceedings were as quintessentially peaceful as some of those absolutely mute Quaker meetings which the police of Charles II. humorously enough broke up as "riots," yet they had a thousand propaganda meetings (ignored by the Press) to one militant action (recorded and magnified). Even in battle nothing could be more decorous or constitutional than the overwhelming majority of their "pin-pricks."

I remember a beautiful young lady, faultlessly dressed, who in soft, musical accents interrupted Mr. Birrell at the Mansion House. Stewards hurled them-

selves at her, policemen hastened from every point of the compass; but unruffled as at the dining-table, without turning a hair of her exquisite *chevelure*, she continued gently explaining the wishes of womankind till she disappeared in a whirlwind of hysteric masculinity. But in gradually succumbing to the vulgar misunderstanding, playing up to the caricature, and finally assimilating to the crude and obsolescent methods of men, the suffragettes have been throwing away their own peculiar glory, their characteristic contribution to history and politics. Rosalind in search of a vote has supplied humanity with a new type who snatched from her testifying a grace beyond the reach of Arden. But Rosalind with a revolver would be merely a reactionary. Hawthorne's Zenobia, who, for all her emancipation, drowned herself in a fit of amorous jealousy, was no greater backslider from the true path of woman's advancement. It is some relief to find that Mrs. Pankhurst's latest program disavows attacks on human life, limiting itself to destruction of property, and that the Pethick Lawrences have grown still saner.

There might, indeed, be—for force is not always brute—some excuse and even admiration for the Terrorist, did the triumph of her cause appear indefinitely remote, were even that triumph to be brought perceptibly nearer by forcibly feeding us with horrors. But the contrary is the case: even the epidemic of crime foreshadowed by Mrs. Pankhurst could not appreciably delay Women's Suffrage. It is coming as fast as human nature and the nature of the Parliamentary machine will allow. To try to terrorize Mr. Asquith into bringing in a Government measure is to credit him with a wisdom and a nobility almost divine. No man is great enough to put himself in the right by admitting he was wrong. And

even if he were great enough to admit it under argument, he would have to be god-like to admit it under menace. Rather than admit it, Mr. Asquith has let himself be driven into a position more ludicrous than perhaps any Prime Minister has occupied. For though he declares Women's Suffrage to be "a political disaster of the gravest kind," he is ready to push it through if the House of Commons wishes, relying for its rejection upon the House of Lords which he has denounced and eviscerated. He is even unwilling it shall pass if only the disaster to the country is maximized by Adult Suffrage. It is not that he loves woman more, but the Tory party less.

But although Mr. Asquith cannot be expected to take the one short step between the ridiculous and the sublime and bring in a Women's Reform Bill, yet it is not unlikely that despite the official disavowals he will drop his Men's Reform Bill, if only on the ground of time. It is difficult to see how that and Home Rule and Welsh Disestablishment can be squeezed into one session. If the Reform Bill is dropped, the ground will be open again for some sort of Conciliation Bill, since the demand for Adult Female Suffrage is only an angry appendix to the male measure. It is just possible that Women's Suffrage may first appear in these islands by way of a clause in the Home Rule Bill, and this Irish entrance by a side-door would be peculiarly English, dodging as it does the main issue of women's claim to vote in Imperial affairs. But already there is talk of withdrawing this amendment in return for some more or less shadowy promises from Mr. Redmond; it is in any case obnoxious to the Irish, and the only real way for this Parliament would seem to lie through a Conciliation Bill like that originally proposed by Mr. Brailsford and "torpedoed" at the eleventh hour by Mr. Lloyd George.

There is no reason, however, to suppose that Mr. Lloyd George would be less hostile to such a measure than before, especially as the only measure that could be carried after this session must be so narrow as to ensure its acceptance by the House of Lords. The Parliamentary struggle over Female Suffrage is less a struggle against it than a competition for its spoils. Each party is striving to annex the balance of the inevitable female electorate. But as no measure can possibly be devised to favor both parties, or even to equalize their winnings, the prospects of a Conciliation Bill scarcely survive analysis. Hence Christabel Pankhurst, that shrewd practical politician who is giving up to woman-kind what was meant for party, has long since waved aside all Conciliation Bills and clauses and demands a Government measure. But Mr. Brailsford and his faithful band of M. P.'s together with Mrs. Fawcett and her National Union, are—despite the known destructive designs of the Nationalists—patiently pursuing the ever-lessening hope of a conciliatory clause in an ever-receding Reform Bill. At the same time, taking a lesson from the militant camp, Mrs. Fawcett's Union has started a fighting fund to "keep the Liberal out" at certain by-elections where a Labor member can be put up to split the Liberal vote. The profit of these tactics seems less to the Women's Movement than to the Tory and Labor parties, neither of which pledges itself to anything in return.

All things considered, I am afraid the Suffrage Movement will have to make up its mind to wait for the next Parliament. There is more hope for the premature collapse of this Parliament than for its passing of a Suffrage Bill or clause. And at the general election, whenever it comes, Votes for Women will be put on the program of both parties. The Conserva-

tives will offer a mild dose, the Liberals a democratic. Whichever falls at the polls, the principle of Women's Suffrage will be safe.

This prognostic, it will be seen, involves the removal of the immovable Asquith. But he must either consent to follow a plebiscite of his party or retire, like his doorkeeper, from Downing Street, under the intolerable burden of the suffragette. Much as his party honors and admires him, it cannot continue to repudiate the essential principles of Liberalism, nor find refuge in his sophism that Liberalism removes artificial barriers, but cannot remove natural barriers. What natural barrier prevents a woman from accepting or rejecting a man who proposes to represent her in Parliament? No; after his historic innings Mr. Asquith will sacrifice himself and retire, covered with laurels and contradictions. Pending which event, the suffragettes, while doing their best to precipitate it through the downfall of the Government, may very reasonably continue their policy of pin-pricks to keep politicians from going to sleep, but serious violence would be worse than a crime, it would be a blunder. No general dares throw away his men when nothing is to be gained, and our analysis shows that the interval between women and the vote can only be shortened by bringing on a general election.

There are, indeed, sceptics who fear that even at the next general election both parties may find a way of circumventing Women's Suffrage by secretly agreeing to keep it off both programs; but the country itself is too sick of the question to endure this, even if the Women's Liberal Federation and the corresponding Conservative body permitted it. That the parties would go so far as to pair off their women workers against each other is unlikely. At any rate, now, when other forms of agitation are

more or less futile, is the moment for these and cognate bodies to take up the running.

But even if these women workers fall in backbone, and allow themselves as so often before, to be lulled and gulled by their male politicians, there yet remains an ardent body to push forward their cause. Mrs. Humphry Ward and the Anti-Suffragists may be trusted to continue tireless and ever-inventive. Mrs. Ward's League to pro-

The Fortnightly Review.

mote the return of women as town and county councillors is her latest device to prove the unfitness of women for public affairs, and since the Vegetarian League for combating the carnivorous instincts of the tigress by feeding her on blood, there has been no quite so happy adaptation of means to end. If anything could add to the educative efficiency of the new League, it is Mrs. Ward's scrupulousness in limiting it exclusively to Anti-Suffragists.

Israel Zangwill.

PRACTICAL IMPERIALISM.

BY HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

One of the most remarkable phenomena of modern times is the rise and growth of Imperialist feeling throughout the United Kingdom and the British Dominions.

History runs in cycles. The glorious period of the Napoleonic wars was not unnaturally followed by a great reaction. After the tremendous warlike exertions which had cost Great Britain approximately 1,000,000,000*l.* the nation required peace and rest. The great influence which the landowning aristocracy used to exercise declined owing to the growth of the manufacturing industries and the manufacturing towns. Through the Reform Bill the middle class, composed of merchants, manufacturers, shipowners, &c., became the controlling element in the legislature, and these hastened to make the best use of their opportunities. The utilitarian era began. Henceforth national policy was to be subservient to individual advantage, to commercial considerations. The people were told that the Colonies were unprofitable, that they were an encumbrance and a burden to the Motherland. The planful development of the Empire which former generations had pursued was discontinued. A senti-

ment frankly hostile to the Empire arose. Free Trade was introduced. Its essence was, in the words of Cobden: "Buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market." The trading interest was enthusiastically in favor of Free Trade in the expectation that it would be extremely beneficial to the manufacturing industries of the country. Incidentally it was hoped that Free Trade would break up the Empire and rid Great Britain of her colonies. Cobden prophesied that Free Trade would gradually and imperceptibly loosen the bonds between Motherland and Colonies, and looked forward to their amicable separation.

The rule of the middle class has come to an end. Democracy has arrived. A democratic national policy has taken the place of the ancient utilitarianism, and Imperialism is merely the latest, and I think the highest, incarnation of our democratic nationalism. It is a conscious manifestation of the solidarity of the race. British Imperialism is not, as its opponents assert, an empty, vain-glorious, and aggressive policy advocated by "Jingoism," by the aristocracy, the leisured classes, and the army. It is a thoroughly democratic policy. This can

be seen by the fact that it is strongest not in these islands, but in our most democratic possessions. Imperialism, contrary to widely held opinion, is democratic, peaceful, and utilitarian in the best sense of the word, for it is useful and necessary.

It is a trite but true saying that peace is the greatest interest of Great and Greater Britain. Only in peace can we develop our magnificent resources. But our peace is threatened.

The British Empire extends over 11,447,954 square miles. It is nearly one hundred times as large as the United Kingdom. It embraces vast areas situated in a temperate zone, which have room for hundreds of millions of white settlers. We possess besides most valuable tropical Colonies, countless islands and nearly all the most important strategical positions in the world which dominate all seas. Very naturally the British Empire is the envy of the universe, and especially of those nations which desire or require colonies and well-situated naval bases.

A nation can be secure only if its armed strength is commensurate with its possessions. The British Empire is by far the largest Empire which the world has seen. It is essentially a maritime Empire, and it is most vulnerable from the sea. While the principal towns of most countries lie far inland, all the largest towns of the British Empire, such as London, Liverpool, Manchester, Bristol, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Portsmouth, Cardiff, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Dundee, Dublin, Belfast, Calcutta, Bombay, Madras, Rangoon, Colombo, Aden, Singapore, Hong Kong, Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth, Hobart, Auckland, Wellington, Christchurch, Dunedin, Montreal, Quebec, Vancouver, Victoria, St. John's, Cape Town, Durban, and many others, lie on, or close to, the sea. All these towns can easily be shelled

or seized by a foreign Power possessing the command of the sea.

The British Empire is a sea empire. It depends for its livelihood very largely upon the sea. The value of its sea-borne trade should in the present year amount to the stupendous sum of 2,000,000,000*l.* The British Empire possesses one-half of the world's shipping. We may say that one-half of the world's trade is carried under the British flag. Out of every two ships which sail the ocean one flies the British flag. Our merchant marine will therefore be exposed to enormous losses in time of war unless our Navy is overwhelmingly strong. The British Empire does not possess the sea, but it has certainly a predominant interest on all seas.

While the prosperity of the British Dominions depends on the free flow of their enormous exports over sea, the existence of the United Kingdom depends on the free and uninterrupted flow of our sea-borne imports of food and raw materials. One-half of the meat, seven-eighths of the wheat, and all the sugar which we consume are imported by sea. Our factories are dependent on cotton, wool, timber, hides, ores, oil, and other raw materials borne by ships to these shores. Sometimes the stock of wheat in the United Kingdom suffices for only six weeks. A short stoppage of our imports, even if it be only a partial one, would close our factories and cause starvation.

If a hostile Power, or combination of Powers, should defeat our fleet, it need not invade this country. A powerful enemy can bombard the principal towns of Great Britain and of her possessions, starve out the garrisons of her naval bases, ruin our shipping trade, prey upon the export trade of our Dominions and Colonies, and starve the United Kingdom into surrender. It is therefore clear that Motherland and Colonies require for

their protection a fleet strong enough to meet any possible combination of Powers. These considerations prompted Great Britain to establish the two-Power standard, according to which the British fleet was to be at least as strong as the combined fleets of the two strongest foreign Powers.

Formerly the naval supremacy of Great Britain was undisputed and indisputable, but changing circumstances have affected our position in the world. A few decades ago Germany consisted of a number of disunited and impecunious States which had no fleet, the population of the United States was smaller than that of the United Kingdom, Japan was as weak at sea as Slam, Russia had no railways, the Suez Canal did not exist. The navies of the foreign Powers were insignificant. It was not necessary for Great Britain to maintain a two-Power standard, for her fleet was predominant on all seas. As Russia was separated from India by vast roadless and railwayless deserts, and as transport by sea was very little developed, ships being few, small, and slow, the invasion of India by land and that of the United Kingdom by sea was not practicable. The times have changed. Powerful navies are being built in many countries, and all countries, even the South American Republics, endeavor to build more powerful battle-ships than the latest British Dreadnoughts. Our sea monopoly is a thing of the past. Russian railways run up to the Indian frontier. An invasion of India is no longer impossible. The great development of the merchant marine, the advent of numerous large and fast passenger steamers, makes the invasion of Great Britain and the Colonies much easier than it used to be. Our interest in the Suez Canal and in Egypt has given us another point where we are extremely vulnerable and are exposed to attacks both by

land and sea. During the last fifty years the comparative strength of Great Britain has declined while the vulnerability of the British Empire has greatly increased.

Great Britain possesses a much smaller area and a much denser population than her great national competitors. Her population increases very slowly, and a very large number of her citizens emigrate every year. While the British population grows but slowly, that of her principal competitors increases very quickly. Russia has 161,000,000 inhabitants, and her population increases by 3,000,000 per year; the United States have 92,000,000 inhabitants, and their population increases by 1,600,000 per year; Germany has 66,000,000 inhabitants, and her population increases by 900,000 per year; the United Kingdom has 45,000,000 inhabitants, and her population increases by less than 400,000 per year. Man power is more important than engine power. Gradually, and almost imperceptibly, Great Britain is losing her great position in the world owing to the comparative stagnation of her population and the rapid growth of the leading foreign States. Wealth is power. The longest purse can buy the strongest fleet. It is impossible for 45,000,000 Englishmen to maintain the two-Power standard against 66,000,000 Germans and some other prosperous nation. There is a limit to the taxation which the people can bear. The two-Power standard has been abandoned.

At the time when the British Navy was all-powerful Great Britain could stand alone in splendid isolation. Now we are no longer able to rely for our security upon our own unaided strength. We have to put our trust in complicated diplomatic arrangements which may break down at the critical moment. At present our position seems perfectly secure owing

to our understanding with France and Russia and our alliance with Japan. However, treaties and understandings do not last for all time. The Balkan war, or some other event, may upset many existing friendships, or a skilful diplomat may rearrange the grouping of the Powers to our disadvantage. A State which is very vulnerable and which at the same time is rich in valuable possessions is exposed to the danger of attack by a hostile coalition. Therefore we should rely for our defence only on our own strength. In our own strength alone can we find safety.

As our population and wealth increase comparatively slowly, while the population and wealth of our great national competitors grow comparatively quickly, Great Britain will from year to year find it more difficult to hold her own in a world of large States. From year to year it is becoming increasingly clear that Great Britain cannot provide for the defence of the Empire single-handed. Recognizing our difficulties, our Dominions have come to our aid with splendid generosity. They are providing fleets and armies. But we cannot safely rely for the defence of the Empire on the present loose arrangements between Great Britain and the Dominions. The Empire requires for its security an Imperial Army and an Imperial Fleet, paid for out of an Imperial exchequer, and controlled and directed by an Imperial Government. The defence of the Empire must be organized. But only the unification of the Empire will make possible the creation of an adequate organization. That has been recognized by the leading Colonial statesmen. Therefore they have urged us to call them to our councils.

The unification of the Empire is necessary, not only for its defence, but also for its development. The time of small States is past. The fu-

ture belongs to the great States. In the first chapter of his *Wealth of Nations* Adam Smith demonstrated by his description of the manufacture of pins the superior efficiency of the factory system, which allows of the division of labor, over the small employer and the individual artisan. The factory system applies not only to the manufacturing industries but also to States. Greatness in States makes not only for strength and security but also for efficiency in every branch of human activity owing to a better division and application of labor. The greater the national market the greater the industrial efficiency of the nation. In a small but highly-cultured State, such as Sweden, there is no room for an iron industry as large, and therefore as efficient, as that at Pittsburg. Efficiency in art and science also is favored by a large State, for only a large and prosperous State can give an adequate scope to its talented citizens. A great electrician, engineer, chemist, financier, inventor, painter, or sculptor, born in some small State, such as Denmark or Holland, will naturally seek occupation in some larger State.

The unification of the Empire makes not only for strength, peace, progress and prosperity, but also for social betterment. To lift up the masses we require two things: security and prosperity. Without security from foreign attack there will be little prosperity. It is therefore clear that we can find the vast sums required for social purposes only if Great Britain is prosperous and at peace. Besides, if her industries are prosperous, employment will be good and wages high, and there will be comparatively few who are in want and require assistance.

Which is the best policy for welding the Empire together?

Experience tells us that most States have been united by danger and war borne in common. The war with Eng-

land united the Colonies of North America which had declared themselves independent. The wars with Austria united Switzerland. Her wars with France united Germany. "Empires are welded together," Bismarck has told us, "not by speeches and resolutions, but by blood and iron." Nothing would more quickly and more thoroughly weld together the British Empire than a war in which Great Britain and the Dominions would have to fight for their very existence. That would demonstrate to all the British States the necessity of Imperial union for defence. However, blood and iron are not the only cement of Empire. Mutual advantage and interdependence, a business partnership among related States, are very powerful unifying factors. Such mutual advantages and interdependence and such a partnership are created for the members of a federation by a common tariff which provides an exceedingly valuable market reserved to the members of the union. A common tariff-protected market is apt to convert a number of loosely united States into a firmly-knit commonwealth. The predecessors of Bismarck laid in the North-German customs Union the foundation of the German Empire. Some of the revolted British Colonies wished to form independent States. They refused to enter the union of the United States, but the introduction of a common tariff by the partner States, which created a large protected home market for the benefit of the members of the Union, induced those States which wished to remain independent to enter it. The advantage of a large common market reserved by a tariff to the members of a union of States has been a powerful factor in welding together Canada, Australia, and South Africa. In fact, it has been the principal inducement for their unification.

A common tariff and a valuable mar-

ket reserved to the members of the Union not only causes States to combine, but makes their union permanent. For economic reasons alone the disintegration of the United States or of Germany is inconceivable. The interests of all the individual States have become so intimately interwoven, and so deeply merged into the interests of the larger commonwealth to which they belong, that separation is practically impossible. An independent Ohio or New York State, cut off by a tariff from the great market of the United States, or an independent Bavaria, unable to sell her produce freely throughout the German Empire, or an independent Ontario, shut out from the Canadian market by tariffs, could scarcely exist. Separation would be ruinous to the individual States which depend for their prosperity upon their ability to sell their productions throughout the union of States to which they belong.

We have come to the parting of the ways. We must either unify the Empire or allow it to disintegrate. By unifying it we shall establish it securely for all time. It will continue to be the greatest State in the world, and the British race will continue to be perhaps the most powerful promoter of peace, progress, prosperity, freedom, and civilization which the world has seen. If, on the other hand, we continue our present policy of drift, the un-English policy of *laissez-faire*, for which there is not even an English name, disaster may overtake us before long. All the great commercial maritime and colonial empires of the past, the predecessors of the British Empire, were erected on too narrow a basis, and they have easily been destroyed by powerful military States. The vast colonial empires created by the Phœnicians, the Carthaginians, the Athenians, the Venetians, and the Dutch, all of which once ruled the sea, greatly

resembled the British Empire. They have fallen because the inhabitants of the motherland followed, if I may say so, a Little-England policy. Let us heed the lessons of history. A single unfortunate war may break up the British Empire, and may destroy what centuries of effort and war have painfully created.

Mr. Chamberlain has warned us of our dangers. He has provided us with a practical Imperial policy. Tariff Reform will stimulate industry in Great Britain, raise wages, and improve employment, and a system of inter-Imperial preferences will knit the Empire together in bonds of interest which will grow stronger from year to year, and which will prove indissoluble. Mr. Chamberlain's policy has been hailed with enthusiasm by all Imperialists throughout the Empire, and after nine years of ceaseless agitation the truly Imperial policy of Tariff Reform promises to triumph at the next General Election. For the sake of Motherland and Empire a great effort should be made to make its triumph certain. There is danger in delay. The deliberate attempt of the United States to detach Canada from the British Empire shows the urgency of Imperial Federation. Already a beginning has been made to knit the British Empire together by bonds of interest. The great Dominions have taken the initiative. With splendid unselfishness they have given to the Mother Country a generous preference in their markets in the expectation that we should follow suit. They regret that we have not reciprocated, and voices are heard recommending the cancellation of the preference granted to us. It has already been whittled down. This dissatisfaction is not unnatural. We cannot expect the Dominions to be satisfied much longer with the present one-sided arrangement, and we cannot be surprised at the Colonial

complaints about our indifference, of which we ought to take the most serious notice.

Unfortunately the Imperial policy of Tariff Reform and of Preferential Tariff arrangements between all the States of the Empire has been allowed to become a party question. I think the Empire should stand above party. However, as the leaders of the Liberal Party have emphatically pronounced themselves against Tariff Reform and its concomitant Imperial Preference, all good Liberals feel in duty bound to oppose Mr. Chamberlain's Imperial policy. They profess to believe that Imperial Federation is impracticable, and they have gone so far as to sneer at the proposals of the Dominions, and at the sacrifices which they have made for the sake of the Empire. The day may come when the Liberal Party will bitterly regret having opposed the unification of the Empire. Is it too late for them to recognize the error which they have hastily made? Will no Liberal leader come forward and show to his party that the unification of the Empire is necessary, and that Imperial unification can be achieved only either by a sanguinary war, which we all wish to avoid, or by the same policy which has united Canada, Australia, and South Africa, by the policy of Mr. Chamberlain? Imperialism and Liberalism are by no means incompatible, for Imperialism is, as I said in the beginning of this article, the latest and the highest manifestation of our democratic nationalism. Adam Smith, the father of political economy and of Free Trade, who certainly was neither a Jingo nor a Conservative, and who is so frequently quoted by Liberals and Free Traders as their greatest authority, was in favor of Imperial Federation, for he wrote in his *Wealth of Nations*:

There is not the least probability that the British Constitution would be hurt

by the union of Great Britain and her Colonies. That Constitution, on the contrary, would be completed by it, and seems to be imperfect without it. The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of every part of the Empire, in order to be properly informed, ought certainly to have representatives from every part of it. That this union, however, could be easily effectuated, or that difficulties, and great difficulties, might not occur in the execution, I do not pretend. I have yet heard of none, however, which appear insurmountable. The principal, perhaps, arise not from the nature of things, but from the prejudices and opinions of the people, both on this and the other side of the Atlantic.

The "prejudices and opinions of the people" opposed to the unification of the British Empire are now far stronger on this side of the Atlantic than on the other, and it is noteworthy that they are far stronger among the professional politicians than among the people.

The consolidation of the Empire is necessary and is urgent. Guided by the considerations which have inspired the foregoing pages, a few men have resolved to make a special effort for the promotion of practical Imperialism. As every great political campaign requires an ample amount of money, they have created a fund, and they have appealed to the public for support. Their appeal has been successful. In a few weeks a very large sum has been subscribed. This sum is to be the nucleus of a fund which, it is hoped, will eventually reach seven figures. It will in course of time become a great Imperial foundation. It will support every Imperial movement and endeavor worthy of support

The Nineteenth Century and After.

throughout the Empire. The income derived from it will be used in assisting the activity of the numerous excellent organization in every part of the Empire which are truly Imperialist in aim and spirit, which strive to advance the interests of the British Empire and to elevate the British race.

As the most immediate need of the time is the unification of the Empire by Tariff Reform and a system of inter-Imperial preferences, it is proposed to devote in the beginning the resources of the fund to the promotion of the Chamberlain policy. This will be done, not for party reasons, not because the Unionist party has identified itself with Tariff Reform and Imperial reciprocity, but because Mr. Chamberlain's policy is the only one which can bring about the federation of the Empire. This policy stands high above party. There are two kinds of Imperialism: arm-chair Imperialism and practical Imperialism. The Liberal Imperialists are fortunately only arm-chair Imperialists. As practical Imperialism is more important than theoretical Imperialism, the Imperial Fund is intended to promote the former. The fund is, as its name implies, an Imperial fund. Its originators wish to work for the benefit of the Empire and of the British race in every practicable way, and they will make the unification of the Empire a party question only if Liberal Imperialists refuse to co-operate. They would prefer to work with the best men of both parties, and as their efforts will be devoted to a policy in which all citizens of the Empire can unite, it is hoped that they will be supported by the Imperial-minded men and women of all parties.

Westminster.

THE STAYING GUEST.

By MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

Author of "*The Severina*," etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

After this Mr. Popplestone came so often to Helm Close that Delia knew the tongues of the gossips must be busy. She gave him no encouragement, but that did not keep him away. If she could have paid her visit to Applethwaite it would have been a relief while it lasted, but, unfortunately, Mrs. Audley fell ill. It was not a serious or a long illness, but she had to be nursed, and she had to give up her secretarial work for the Hospital Ball. Lady Hainault took it for her, and she had daughters to help her. Delia was not wanted for that, and her visit to Applethwaite was postponed.

The theatricals were given up, too, as suddenly as they had been planned. Lydia said it was impossible to work that kind of entertainment with disobliging people, and that she meant to have a dance on her birthday and a cotillon.

"A cotillon!" said Mr. Butler. "But no one here will know how to dance it."

"They'll have to learn," said Lydia.

"Who will teach them?"

"I shall."

"Beforehand or at the time?"

"Both," said Lydia, and was as good as her word. She sent to London and Berlin for the cotillon toys she wanted, and she asked about twenty young people to tea a few days before her birthday for a rehearsal of the chief figures. She chose an afternoon when she knew that Delia would be out, and did not even tell her that it was to take place until it was too late for her to put off her engagement. But when she returned at seven o'clock the drawing-room was still in disarray, and Mr. Popplestone, ruffled by his ex-

ertions, sprawled on one of the corner seats near the fire. Delia, as she sat down, asked if the lesson had gone well.

"As well as can be expected," he said, "considering that Mrs. Butler insists on my taking the chief part. I can't think why I am chosen; I am not cut out for such things. However, I suppose it might be worse. We might have been commanded to wear fancy dress—something Arcadian to suit the dance."

"I never thought of it," said Lydia, who was listening unmoved to his plaint. "It would have been a good idea."

"When you have to play the fool it helps you," said Mr. Popplestone.

"What do you mean by playing the chief part?" asked Delia, who had never seen a cotillon.

"I am to lead it with Mrs. Butler. I hate being conspicuous, but when a lady insists, what can a poor, weak man do?"

"He can look pleasant," said Lydia.

Mr. Popplestone pawed his hair with both hands instead of the one he usually found sufficient.

"I know I shall make an awful mess of it," he said; "and why I should be your victim I cannot see."

Delia could not help seeing why. It was Lydia's transparent game to encourage Mr. Popplestone, and to show him to their world as an intimate of the house. Delia was rather surprised that no effort had been made to assign her to him as a partner, but that was because she had never seen a cotillon danced or heard much about it. When the evening and the hour for it came she understood what Lydia had designed. It was danced directly after supper, and began as usual with

a polonaise. Franky Dale had engaged Delia for it, and as he had been at the rehearsal he was able to describe what lay before them.

"There are a lot of different turns—'tours,' Mrs. Butler calls them," he said kindly; "you go about choosing your best man and I go about choosing my best girl—it's just a way of telling all the world who you're mashed on, don't you know."

"Not if you choose a different one for each figure," said Delia.

"Yes, you can do that; but there's one figure——"

The polonaise was over and Mr. Popplestone was now seen crossing the hall with a long stick in his hand from which floated six ribbons all of different colors. Mrs. Butler carried a similar one. She was dressed in white this evening and blazed with diamonds. In her hair she wore a splendid diamond comb, her husband's birthday present.

"What happens now?" asked Delia.

"Don't you see? He collects six girls and she collects six men. If you take a red ribbon you dance with the other red ribbon. Here he comes."

It was as Franky Dale said. With an air of profound dejection Mr. Popplestone approached Delia first and offered her the floating ribbon. She took one and followed him while he collected five other girls. Later on, when it came to her turn to carry the ribboned stick and collect six men, she did not offer one to Mr. Popplestone: and this was how the cotillon went on as far as they were concerned. He marked her out for notice in every figure and she avoided him whenever she could. The whole room must see what was going on, she thought.

"But what was the figure you began to tell me about?" she said to Franky Dale when for a moment neither of them was in demand.

"It's coming now. Look—see," said the boy.

A chair had been brought into the middle of the hall and Lydia sat in it holding a hand-glass. Mr. Popplestone carried a small empty basket.

"What can he be going to do with that basket?" said Delia.

"It's symbolical," explained Franky. "Mrs. Butler says that in Germany, when a girl gives a man the right-about, they say she's given him a basket. Silly way of talking, isn't it?"

"Very," said Delia.

"Oh! now you're ragging. Oh! I say! Look at him! He's coming for me. Hide me Delia! You've no idea what a fool I should look capering round with that basket."

But he could not escape his fate. Mr. Popplestone, accompanied now by Mr. Butler, fixed on Franky for the second victim, and led him first to a position behind the lady's chair. Lydia held up her glass, saw the boy's face in it, and wiped him out. Then her husband took his place, and she rose at once to dance with him. Franky danced behind them with the basket, looking rather foolish. When he got back to Delia he said the cotillon was a rotten dance.

"I don't know. It has points," said Delia, and gave him her instructions. So when she had to hold the glass, Franky brought her Mr. Popplestone and little Tommy Dale, who had just left his training ship; and Delia danced with Tommy, while Mr. Popplestone, protesting with every inch of his body, followed for a yard or two with the basket. Then he threw it down with a gesture of repudiation and ill-temper, and stalked back to his seat.

"He's as stuffy as you make 'em," whispered Franky Dale, when Delia rejoined him. But they could see that Mrs. Butler was talking to him and smoothing him down. When the last figure was danced—the figure of flowers

and favors—he came straight to Della with flowers for her, while Lydia did what was obviously pretty and pinned her favor on her husband's coat.

"It has been a great success, my dear," said Mr. Butler. "Everyone is delighted, and you've managed it all so cleverly."

"It has been a total failure," said Mr. Popplestone lugubriously, as soon as he could gain her ear, and while other people were still presenting flowers and favors.

"Oh cheer up," said Lydia impatiently. "Be a man and speak out. Strike while the iron is hot."

"But it isn't hot," wailed Mr. Popplestone, "it's freezing cold."

"We shall all be dancing in a minute—for the finish. Take her some more flowers and dance with her, and then—"

"Look at her! She is smothered in flowers. She is the most admired girl here. How can I expect—"

"You make me tired," said Lydia. "When I want anything I get it. So can you if you choose."

Mr. Popplestone distrusted his ally, but he obeyed her, so he went up to the tray of flowers, chose another bouquet and offered it to Della.

"I really can't carry any more," she said, "and I'm tired of dancing."

"Is it necessary to carry them?" he asked, and put his on the seat beside her. Nearly everyone in the hall was dancing now, and as they brushed past him he felt that a quieter place would suit his purpose better.

"Shall we come into the drawing-room?" he said.

"Why should we?" said Della.

"We could talk better in there."

"I'm going to dance again directly."

"You said just now you were tired of dancing. You ought to dance with me as I've brought you a bouquet. But I'd much rather talk. Do come and sit in the drawing-room."

"No thank you," said Della.

Mr. Popplestone groaned.

"I suppose it's no use," he said. "I feel sure that Mrs. Butler takes an optimistic view of the situation. She calls me a coward."

"Does she do that to cheer you up?"

"No: to spur me on. I suppose she may be right. It is notoriously difficult for a man to read the feminine heart."

Della was tempted to get up and walk away. Mr. Popplestone's near neighborhood was hateful to her, and so was his complaining, tiresome voice.

"She says I am not to be depressed by the basket," he went on. "She says a girl might do that in front of a crowd and mean nothing by it."

"It is a vulgar figure at the best," said Della ungratefully, for she had made use of the figure.

"Am I to take that opinion as encouraging or the reverse?" asked Mr. Popplestone.

Della began to feel that the man was making her conspicuous, was persecuting her by his attentions. Nearly everyone else was dancing now and as couple after couple passed they could not help seeing his assiduous pose and his eager wooing face. She got up.

"Where are you going?" said Mr. Popplestone.

"Into the drawing-room. I hate sitting here while every one brushes by."

"*Souvent femme varie*," bantered Mr. Popplestone. "Is it half a minute by the clock since you refused to go into the drawing-room?"

Della did not defend herself. She led the way to a quiet corner in the drawing-room, which was empty now. Lydia had only asked young people to her dance and they had all joined in the cotillon and were still in the hall.

"Well, Mr. Popplestone," she began in a cheerful tone; "what were you

saying about the basket? Let us get it over."

"I think you understand German?" he said nervously.

"Yes."

"You know what is meant in Germany by giving a basket?"

"Yes."

"You gave me one this evening."

"I did."

"But in a cotillon it means nothing."

"That must depend on the special case."

"The case is our own, yours and mine."

"Then I should have thought it was unnecessary. I spoke clearly enough this spring."

"You did: but since then everything has changed. Your position is entirely altered by your uncle's marriage."

"That is true: but I cannot see how it affects what I said then."

"I hoped it might make you view my offer, which is still open, in a more favorable light."

"I can only thank you again Mr. Popplestone—"

Mr. Popplestone held up an arresting hand.

"Are you not precipitate?" he said. "Have you considered the alternative? Your aunt——"

"Who?"

"Mrs. Butler. Your aunt by marriage. She always speaks of you as 'our niece' now."

"Oh, does she?" said Della.

"She assures me that her husband and she desire the marriage."

"I know that she does. I have not spoken to my uncle yet."

"My dear young lady—surely you see that he is entirely in her hands—hypnotized I call it. He will not oppose her."

Della was sadly silent because she knew the man was right.

"She means to get rid of you," he said.

"I have thought that for some time. Till now she has wanted me, but I have served her purpose."

"Then why not marry me? What else lies before you?"

"I have no idea," said Della.

"Your refusal is final?"

"Quite final."

"Then I'm sorry I've wasted my time over all this tomfoolery," he said, and with a face expressing his chagrin he went out into the hall and found Lydia.

"Good-bye," he said, "I suppose I ought to say I've had a pleasant evening."

"To be sure you ought," said Lydia.

"I'm afraid you won't see me again for a long time."

Lydia looked up wrathfully.

"Have you mulled it again?" she said.

"I don't understand your expression," Mr. Popplestone replied with dignity. "I consider that I have been misled. You assured me that Miss Middleton would change her mind if I persevered."

"Has she refused you?"

"Point blank."

Lydia did not exactly stamp her foot, but she turned from Mr. Popplestone in a pet and gave her attention to other people. After waiting in vain for the chance of another word with her, he decided that she did not mean to give him one, and that he might as well get away.

"Good-night, Popplestone," said Mr. Butler, who stood near the front door, and had a genial word for each departing guest. "See you soon again."

"I think not," said Mr. Popplestone in a funereal voice, and then other people crushed down the stairs towards the door and he was obliged to pass on and get into his carriage.

No one was staying in the house, and after everyone was gone Della was going straight upstairs to bed when Lydia's voice arrested her.

"Don't hurry off, Della," she said,

imperiously. "Come into the library."

Delia hesitated a moment, because she resented Lydia's tone, and then she decided that she would go.

"Very well," she said, "I will come. I have something to say to my uncle, and you may hear what it is."

"Is anything the matter?" said Mr. Butler anxiously, for he saw that his wife and niece were both angry. Delia's lovely grey eyes were sorrowful and steadfast: and Lydia's blue ones were full of a triumphant light. Delia did not speak until the library door had shut behind them, and then she went straight to the point.

"I did not tell you in the spring, Uncle Charles, that Mr. Popplestone made me an offer of marriage that I refused. I thought it quite unnecessary to speak of it even to you. I am sorry to say that he repeated it to-night, although I have given him no encouragement."

Mr. Butler looked as unhappy as he felt: torn in two by his ancient trust in Delia and his affection for her: by his new obsession for his young wife. Lydia looked at him impatiently, and one of her little feet tapped to and fro on the ground. He knew that to be a storm signal.

"But my dear," he began, turning to Delia, "he has been here a great deal lately—and we certainly thought—Lydia and I, that is—I'm rather fond of Low Croft myself, you know—a little money cleverly spent—and I should be delighted to do anything for you that Popplestone was not inclined to do—A couple of large cheerful rooms, for instance, thrown out—"

"I don't think you can have heard what I said, Uncle Charles," interrupted Delia; "I have refused Mr. Popplestone."

"But can't you reconsider it, my dear—whistle him back, you know? He isn't so bad as all that, and as for his little ways, you'd probably get him out of

them. I like the idea of having you at Low Croft."

"I shall never go there," said Delia, steadily.

"Then what will you do?" said Lydia.

There was a moment's silence, during which it seemed to Delia that her old life was rent from her as violently and brutally as a limb is rent from the body by an earthquake or a railway accident. She looked at her uncle and saw his weak, kind, handsome, face troubled but impotent. He was bound by his new chains and he did not speak.

"I must think it over," she said, and got up to go.

"There is no hurry," murmured Mr. Butler.

"Oh! we can't go on long like this," broke out Lydia. "Delia does not make herself happy with us, and that is very painful for me. I feel it more and more."

Delia did not answer her or even look at her. She went out of the room and upstairs, and there, to her surprise and comfort, she found Martha waiting for her by the fire.

"I want to hear all about the dance," the old woman began, but stopped short as she saw Delia's stormy face.

"What have they been doing now?" she cried, and took the girl's cold hands in hers as Delia knelt down close to the fire.

"They've turned me out of the house, Nanny," said Delia.

"What's that?" exclaimed Martha.

"They've told me to go. They want the house to themselves."

"We said from the first it would come to that—Smith and me did. But I cry shame on the malster and so will every one else."

"I suppose I ought to have foreseen it too," said Delia wearily. She did not say much more or think much more that night. She felt stunned.

CHAPTER XXIV.

After a late breakfast next day, while Lydia was giving orders, Della went into the library to speak to her uncle. She saw that he would have run away if he could, and this hurt her grievously. But she had steeled herself to a discussion that must be painful to them both.

"Lydia asked me last night what I was going to do," she said, going straight to the point, for she knew that at any moment Lydia might come in.

"Yes—yes," said Mr. Butler. He put his paper down with a crackle, and attended to his niece. His forehead was contracted with the unwonted strain of the present situation and his eyes were turned away from Della's direct glance.

"You want me to go," she said.

"I don't, my dear—on the contrary, I'm terribly concerned about it—never thought such a thing could happen. I don't half understand—but Lydia assures me that you dislike her."

"Yes, I do," said Della straightforwardly.

Mr. Butler sighed.

"She is always right," he said. "Her insight and shrewdness are phenomenal."

"Did she also assure you that she dislikes me?" asked Della.

"On the contrary, my dear. She has your welfare most truly at heart. She has explained all her motives to me, and I must say that in one so young it is unusual to find so much strategic force and such concern for others."

Della stared at the fire and considered what she had better say next. Lydia, it was plain, had better be left out of the discussion. They could not use a common language about her.

"I've no money of my own, have I, Uncle Charles?" she said, approaching a difficult subject with some natural

embarrassment. She felt that the first approach ought not to have been made by her.

"Your parents left you none," said Mr. Butler. "In fact, they died in debt."

"Ah!" said Della, and found it impossible for the moment to proceed. The words stuck in her throat. She certainly owed her uncle a great deal, but her common sense told her that she had a claim on him too. He had brought her up as if she was his child. Surely he could not now propose to cast her adrift at Lydia's bidding.

"Have you made any plans for me?" she asked after a long silence. "Have you any advice to give me?"

"Not at a moment's notice," he said uncomfortably. "You see, Lydia thought—in fact, she still thinks—that if we hold out——"

"She wants to drive me to marry Mr. Popplestone?"

"She wants it for your sake, my dear, and also for mine. She knows I should like to have you comfortably settled and in the neighborhood. When we get the new car Low Croft will be a twenty minutes run from here, and if we could induce Popplestone to buy a car too——"

"Uncle Charles," said Della, "I am not going to marry Mr. Popplestone, and to tell you the truth I don't know what to do next—or where to go."

"Lydia seems to think you will marry him before long. No doubt her ideas are continental, but she seems to have a great deal of knowledge and experience. She believes strongly in marriages being arranged for young people by their elders. She assures me that they turn out well in nearly every case, and she tells me of many cases where there was great opposition at first—especially on the part of the girl. She points out that if only we are firm everything will end happily and with marriage bells. At one time,

when we went away together, in fact, she had different ideas for you; but they have come to nothing, and she assures me never will. But here she comes, and I will let her speak for herself. This is really not my affair. I can't pretend to follow the ins and outs of a young lady's mind, and Lydia says—"

What Lydia said in this instance was left to Della's imagination, as Lydia herself came into the room just then.

"Della and I are having a little discussion, my dear," began Mr. Butler nervously.

"What is there to discuss?"

"Della talks of leaving us."

"Not today, I suppose, and I want to talk to you. The Vernons have wired to ask us to put them up for the ball to-night. I suppose we can, but that fills the car."

"It overfills it," said Mr. Butler.

"I was not counting Della. We could just crowd in without her."

"But my dear—Della will be with us and will want to go to the ball. You must leave me at home. I'm past balls, really."

"Certainly not," said Lydia.

Della got up.

"I'm going to Applethwaite," she said shortly.

"For good," cried Lydia.

"No; for lunch."

"You can't have the car," said Lydia. I want it myself."

Della did not answer. She 'phoned to the stables to have Lady saddled and brought round, and then went upstairs to put on her habit. She had not been in her room a moment when there was a knock at the door and old Martha entered flying signals of distress.

"That there mushroom, Ma'am," she began and then corrected herself. "Mrs. Butler, I mean, Ma'am."

"Yes, Martha," said Della.

"She have just took on herself to give me warning! me! who came 'ere before she were born."

Della drew the angry trembling old woman down beside her on a sofa and leaned her head against her shoulder.

"What are we going to do Nanny?" she said.

"We, Ma'am!"

"I told you last night. I've had warning, too."

"It's different for you, Ma'am."

"I'm younger."

"You're a lady. You haven't to earn your bread."

"I must try. I've no money, Martha. If I had you shouldn't leave me. We'd go off together."

"No money! you! But the maister 'ave money."

"I haven't a penny."

"But the maister—I declare to heaven—e'd never be such an old sandbag as that."

"Haven't you a cottage, Martha, with daffodils twining round the porch—like the one Mr. Oofy Goldberg promised his constituents?"

"I haven't a thing but the brother who is a tobacconist, and all my savings 'ave gone to 'elp him and his family. I must go out again."

"What reason was given by Mrs. Butler?"

"Oh, one word gives another with the likes of her. She's not gentry and so I told her."

Della was moving quickly about the room now, taking off her tweed skirt and putting on riding clothes.

"I hope you weren't rude, Martha," she said.

"No more than she brought on herself."

"It would do no one any good."

"It 'ave done me a deal of good. When she come along poking and prying just now wanting to know why I wasn't darning her things I said hers 'ud be done when yours was finished."

I did that—and she went as red as that there Jezebel gown she wears o' nights."

Delia went to the glass and pinned on her hat and veil, while Martha went grumbling about the room folding clothes and putting them in their places.

"What had I done yesterday, indeed? and what had I done the day before? I've never been accountable for my time to the likes of her—never; and so I told her."

"But Martha, you can't wonder, then, if Mrs. Butler gave you notice," reasoned Delia.

"She druv me to it," said Martha, and Delia left it at that, for she believed her. The girl rode to Applethwaite through rain that would have turned her back if she had been less anxious to see Mrs. Audley, who was now quite well again. All the young people were supposed to be from home, and when Delia, wet through and dripping, was shown into the morning room the last thing she expected was to see Jem come forward to receive her. They had not met since Lydia had jilted him.

"You here!" she cried in surprise.

"I came down to see my mother. I took them by surprise this morning," he said. "I'm going back to-morrow."

"But you're coming for Christmas?"

"I think so. I'm not sure."

"And you'll go to the Hospital Ball to-night. Did you know of it?"

"Yes, I knew of it—and suddenly I made up my mind to come. How are you, Delia?"

"I'm wet through."

"I see that."

The sight of Jem, the sound of his voice, and the old friendship and affection in his manner were rather upsetting to Delia. She had worn armor lately, but it had failed her face to face with him. Mrs. Audley, coming in a moment later, was surprised by the agitation and distress the girl

was vainly trying to hide. She took her upstairs, stayed with her while she changed into dry things, and listened with gathering indignation to her story.

"You must come straight here and the Admiral must tackle your uncle," she said. "They won't want the whole countryside up in arms."

"It wouldn't be," said Delia. "You know how plausible she is. She would make out a case for herself—and she is young and pretty and amuses people."

"Have you told Jem?"

"Not yet."

"I'm going to speak to the Admiral at once," said Mrs. Audley, "and don't you trouble, Delia. You're coming here, and you can bring old Martha, too. I can't think how you can have hesitated. It is the obvious thing for you to do."

"I should like to come for a little while," said Delia gratefully, but she knew in her heart that she could not take up her permanent abode at Applethwaite.

"Is your uncle well?" said Jem when she went back to the morning room, for he saw that Delia had been crying, and he had never known her cry since her nursery days.

"Yes," said Delia. He asked no further question at first, and she avoided home news. The ghost of Lydia still stood between them, keeping them apart. But gradually his eagerness to interpret the sorrow he saw in her face led him to ask her for more confidence.

"Is the marriage a success?" he ventured.

"Yes," she said.

"But how does it affect you?"

"I am going away."

"Going away?"

"Yes."

"For a visit, do you mean?"

"No. Altogether."

"You can't stand it?"

"Oh—I was standing it. I hadn't much choice."

She reddened a little, hesitated, and then went on speaking in a voice she made as plain and unemotional as she could.

"You see I haven't a penny, Jem," she said.

"But your uncle has more than most of us."

"He has married a wife."

"Della! you don't mean——"

"I go up and down like a see-saw. Sometimes I rage and say it's abominable; sometimes I see that past kindness should never create a future claim. I have owed everything to my uncle for fourteen years."

Jem hardly answered and hardly showed as much sympathy as Della expected.

"You have told my mother everything?" he asked.

"Everything—as well as one ever can tell a whole story. She is speaking to your father, Jem. She asks me to come here and bring old Martha, but of course I can only do that for a short time."

"Is old Martha turned away, too?"

"Yes."

"I should have thought she was too clever to put herself so infernally in the wrong," said Jem. Then he got up abruptly and went straight to his father's room, where he found both his parents discussing Della's affairs.

"I'm going to speak to Mr. Butler about this," he said, asked a few more questions, ordered the car and went off. He was shown into the library and received with some surprise by Mr. Butler and Lydia, who were sitting there; with some embarrassment, too, by the man who had cheated him of his wife. Jem was so full of the new grievance that he almost forgot the old until a glance from Lydia reminded him of the last time they had met—in the hall at Applethwaite when

he bid his bride of to-morrow good-night.

"You'll stay to lunch?" she said, when they exchanged greetings, for it was just lunch time and she liked the idea of entertaining Jem at Helm Close.

"No thank you," he said curtly. "I want five minutes with Mr. Butler and then I must get back."

"Is it business?" said Lydia, arching her brows at his unfriendly tone.

"Do you want me to go?"

"Just as you please."

Then he turned to Mr. Butler.

"It's about Della," he said.

"Are you interested in Della?" asked Lydia, and her tone was pert.

"Yes, I am," said Jem. "So are my father and mother. So will all her friends be."

"Unfortunately Della won't take advice," said Mr. Butler.

"What advice have you given her? She won't marry Popplestone, if that's what you mean."

"Has she told you so?" asked Lydia.

"No, but she told my mother. I know all about it."

"You mean you know the outside circumstances."

"Some circumstances speak for themselves."

"There are always wheels within wheels, but we are prepared to be misjudged."

"This has been Della's home since she was a small child," began Jem stoutly, and he turned again to Mr. Butler, who was nervously stuffing tobacco into a pipe and looking as if he wished he could hide. Every now and then he pushed his chair a little further into the shade of a dark corner behind it, and when he looked up it was always at his wife as if he wanted to draw support from her. Lydia, on the contrary, was neither nervous nor melting. Her voice was complacent and her expression self-righteous.

"Yes," she broke in now, "for fourteen years my husband has treated Della like his own child and now she flouts his wishes and defies him. She has been spoilt and wants a lesson."

"Which you propose to administer by turning her out of the house."

"We have done nothing of the kind," said Lydia virtuously. "I am surprised to hear that Delia says so and I shall take care that every one hears the true state of affairs."

"What is the true state of affairs, Mr. Butler?" said Jem.

"My dear boy, it isn't easy to explain even to an old friend like you," said Mr. Butler wriggling both in mind and body. "Two queens you know, and a divided government—I suppose it never answers."

"I can quite understand that side of the situation," said Jem. "But what provision do you propose to make for Della when she leaves your house?"

"Is that your business?" said Lydia smoothly.

"I make it mine."

"With her authority?"

"No, with my father's. He would have asked Mr. Butler the same question if I had not."

"You see Lydia and I have a little plan for Della—a marriage in fact——"

"I know all about that," said Jem, bluntly. "I told you so. It is a plan

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that will never come off."

"We think it will," said Lydia.

"Where do you suppose that Della will go when she leaves here?" Jem asked Mr. Butler again. "What do you advise her to do?"

"We have not fixed any time—we don't wish to hurry her," faltered Mr. Butler.

"But unless she consents to a marriage that is odious to her you propose to turn her out of doors without a penny."

"Not exactly that. My dear, we can't very well do that, can we? What is your idea?"

"Mr. Audley might not approve of it so I'll keep it to myself," snapped Lydia. "If you are going to be influenced by every one who chooses to interfere——"

"Not by every one, Lydia. Jem and his parents are very old friends——"

"Then let them take her and keep her. It is intolerable that they should come here and dictate to us."

"I'm not dictating," said Jem, "I'm asking for information."

"Why should we give you information—unless Delia is more to you than we have any reason to suppose?"

Jem got up.

"I came to seek information, not to give it," he said shortly, and with hardly another word he left the house.

(To be concluded.)

THE BROTHERHOOD MOVEMENT.

In commenting upon the noble career of General Booth, the *Westminster Gazette* remarked thus:—

"If anyone were to ask what special contributions the British people had made to religion in the last hundred years, the answer would probably be, the Oxford movement and the Salvation Army."

This is a usual estimate, and it is strange that thoughtful writers should thus ignore a great movement which in the last hundred years has certainly stirred the spiritual instinct of the wage-earners *as a class*. "Brotherhood," as it is called, would doubtless have been more speedily recognized if it had originated in some symbolic man, like

St. Francis or the Wesleys. But it has owed little to lofty leaders of exceptional genius, who could be interviewed in the Press, painted for the Royal Academy, and praised by monarchs. It has been a soldiers' battle, fought by obscure enthusiasts, who improvised not only their tactics but their theology. In his religious census of London, Mr. Mudie-Smith devoted barely four pages to the 200 "P.S.A." meetings in London, and doubtless this scant attention was then deemed ample. The Welsh Commission piled up half-a-dozen Blue Books on the relations between Church and Nonconformity, without apparently detecting a new worship, independent of either. Yet today it is estimated that more than half-a-million men meet at Brotherhoods every Sunday, and that two such gatherings are inaugurated every week. Within ten years, what is in effect a powerful denomination has sprung into existence, practically unnoticed.

Year Book statistics take no account of Brotherhoods. According to these figures, the Churches are stagnant as to numbers, despite an increase of population amounting in Great Britain to over three millions in ten years. Wesleyan Methodism has been startled by a sharp decline. Yet the nation, so far from drifting into vice and irreverence, is more sober and self-restrained than before. The drink bill has dwindled. Rationalism, as preached by Bradlaugh, is reduced to a minor cult. During the coal strike millions were suffering acute privation, yet not a shot had to be fired. It may be the result of education, but a contributory cause of this social stability is unquestionably the unrecognized influence of the Brotherhood.

The origin of the movement, like its statistics, is obscure. After ten years' experience one dimly distinguishes three elements in the crusade. Fore-

most is the old Evangelical impulse which aims at saving men, not so much from future retribution as from immediate demoralization; from the hell within rather than the hell to be. The first Pleasant Sunday Afternoon meeting, started at West Bromwich by Mr. Blackham in 1875, originated directly from the Moody and Sankey mission just held in Birmingham. In that attractive book, *Mending Men*, there is a description from the Adult School standpoint of the actual effect on character of religion working through personal contact. In the Brotherhood there is no penitent form, no confessional, no after-meeting. No attempt is made to record conversions or extract testimonies. This reticence is doubtless an instinctive revulsion against the delusive emotionalism which sometimes ran riot in the past. But the whole purpose is to touch life, and therefore to change life for individuals and for society.

In the view of the writer, the Brotherhoods are today unchallengeably the most important of all rescuing agencies. Broadly, they consist of the "lapsed masses."

This evangelism, chastened indeed and humanized, but unchanged in essence, is associated in most Brotherhoods with an ethical school of thought which agrees with Exeter Hall in shunning the racecourse and the public-house, but challenges dogma and criticises the Churches. On the same platform may be seen the Primitive Methodist, with an ample Bible under his arm, and an agnostic or Unitarian who hardly knows what he believes. Twenty years ago these men would have met only to wrangle. Today, they stand together on the common ground of social service. In practice, the only test of membership is that a man desires to be a member. Whatever may be his beliefs, his experiences, or his ecclesiastical status as determined by

baptism or other rite, the one thing that matters about him is that he is a man, whose very manhood may be transformed into a social asset. In the Brotherhood, we may detect that spirit which illuminates the greater Parliaments, where men of varied belief, race, and outlook meet as citizens to promote the common good.

This healing process has been assisted by music, that vehicle of a unity which lies deeper than language. The new school dominated perorations, but the old school chose the hymns. And in the long run hymns count for more than rhetoric. There was, too, a third influence, so embracing in its sweep that it has enveloped the whole movement. While the political pendulum swung idly on its accustomed axis, there set in among the masses an onward tide towards the more abundant life. The Labor Party, once a dream, became a fact. A spirit moved on the face of the waters, blowing where it listed, defying convention, ignoring creeds, catechisms, critics, ordination, sacraments and rubrics—a spirit which, in a striking phrase, yearned for a "churchless Christ." This revival meant that a Bible, once more chained to the pulpit, had been reopened and read afresh. The philanthropy of John Howard, of Elizabeth Fry, of Wilberforce, Shaftesbury, Barnardo, was a benediction conferred on the lower classes, as they were called, by the stirred conscience of their betters. But the writings of Ruskin, of Kingsley, of Tolstoy, when scattered broadcast among men to whom reading itself was still a novelty, showed that the Scriptures are more than the familiar selection of texts which alone had been presented as "the Gospel." The Bible, regarded too often as a book of judgment between "the saved" and "the lost," was now revalued as a book of judgment between rich and poor, between master and servant, between

landlord and tenant, between the judge on the bench and the prisoner at the bar. Passages were audaciously unearthed on which many preachers would have hesitated to found a sermon. If a Labor Member wished to drive home his attack upon capital, he could scarcely be gainsaid if he quoted the very words in which our Lord spoke of God and mammon. If his topic were the sweating system, he had only to appeal to St. James. It might be "politics," but it was also the New Testament—the message of Latimer and of Savonarola, of Bishop Westcott and the Christian Social Union, of Hugh Price Hughes and Dr. Paton. It follows that today nine out of ten Brotherhoods meet in churches and chapels; a rupture with organized Christianity, though often threatened, has been avoided.

The chance visitor to these meetings is often shocked by the handclapping, the politics, the anecdotes, the free criticism and crude assertions, the roars of laughter and the orchestral excesses, which seem to drown the still small voice. The usual apology is that men are better employed listening to Mr. "Will" Crooks than sitting in a public-house, and that in any case the Brotherhood is a vestibule to the Church itself. Honestly, one cannot accept these comfortable theories. Many service-goers undoubtedly attend Brotherhoods and some Brotherhoodmen drop into service, but the spread of Brotherhoods means that the people are dissatisfied with morning and evening services, as now conducted. The one-man ministry, the long and short prayer, the sermon, rigidly introduced by a text and delivered in pulpit language, does not recapture the masses. It is like a newspaper, written and made up in the pompous style of early Victorian journalism. Brotherhood seems to be clearly a distinct movement, with an entity and direction of its own; and the real

affinity lies not between the Brotherhood and the morning service, but between the Brotherhood and the Adult School. One sees unmistakably that these meetings are not mere feeders for the Churches—a matter on which controversy in the Press has been, and will be, vigorous.

The Moody and Sankey Missions, the Welsh Revival, and the Men and Religion Movement in the United States have all influenced church membership without leaving behind them a permanent organization. The Brotherhood Movement has its own membership, as definite and as carefully enrolled in many cases as that of a trade union or a friendly society. In different meetings the custom varies, but at most of them may be seen the secretaries at the doors, ticking off men as they enter, and receiving money for a book or a slate club. The machinery thus closely resembles those methods of self-government with which the men are already familiar in their union branches, which fact alone is enough to indicate that the Brotherhood, as a separate entity, has come to stay. The lists are there, the accounts are audited, and returns are made to National and District Federations, not as yet completely or, perhaps, very promptly, but the custom is established. Among the Brotherhoods there has already been started an approved society under the National Insurance Act. What constitutes a true Christian Church is a question to which the most diverse answers are given. The Quakers were proudly content to be "a society," and there are several essentials in which their ideals are as it were democratized in the Brotherhoods. In both organizations the members meet freely in any building that is available, irrespective of consecration. In both organizations any man or any woman may be heard, irrespective of ordination. In both organizations any mem-

ber may be enrolled, irrespective of strict orthodoxy. In the Quaker meeting, as in the Brotherhood, despite startling contrasts in the outward appearance, we have a fulfilment of the most mystic utterance in the New Testament: "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst." The belief is that human association for the highest ends, with Jesus for inspiration, is in itself the one inclusive sacrament which transcends all external forms and traditional sanctions.

The Brotherhood method has, at least, certain practical advantages. If it adds nothing to ecclesiastical architecture, it is also free of appeals for money, of church debts, of sustentation funds, and mortgages. The leaders, emancipated from the cash nexus which is strangling the churches, can devote their whole attention to the cause itself. In many respects the policy of the Brotherhood closely resembles the policy of the early Christians. Their message was delivered in orthodox synagogues and on Mars Hill, in the Temple at Jerusalem, and by the riverside at Philippi, in upper rooms where folk lived, and in catacombs where folk lay dead. Similarly, the Brotherhood appropriates churches and chapels, and schoolrooms, hippodromes, mission halls, and theatres. The spokesmen of the early Church were not drawn from priests and Rabbis of the day. Christianity was a lay movement, and the Apostles earned their living, working with their own hands. The Brotherhood address has many limitations. Often it is delivered by men who, after a hurried week at business, might surely claim a quiet Sunday. But the crudities are redeemed by the fact that the utterance is a speech, not a sermon; its texture is woven from experience, not books; these speakers do not pretend to scholarship; they are not theologians; but

they know what is meant by life in factory and counting-house.

The immediate need of the Brotherhood Movement is education and leadership. More than one promising revival has been wrecked because it had no deepness of earth. It is not enough that men should meet for one hour a week and sing familiar hymns, listen to familiar solos, and applaud familiar sentiments. To every Brotherhood there should be attached an Adult School, held in the morning for strenuous study and free discussion. The school may only consist of, say, one-sixth the afternoon attendance, if that, but it is the indispensable nucleus. Every Sunday there are thousands of meetings clamoring for speakers. Journalists, Members of Parliament, novelists—anyone with a name in *Who's Who*—are liable to be commandeered. It cannot be pretended that all the addresses, so secured, are equally helpful. It is in the Adult School that the lay ministry of the Brotherhoods will be best trained. If, as I have submitted, the afternoon meeting is the only means of grace enjoyed by hundreds of thousands of the working-classes, then its standard should be carefully maintained. The time should not be frittered away on casual remarks by the Chairman, jocose comments on the notices, lengthy selections played by an orchestra with unexpected variations. "Brief, bright, and brotherly" should not be the only instructions for the unfortunate speaker. He should be allowed his time and expected to use it well.

The Adult School, which was in the main a product of Quakerism, is a more ancient institution than the men's meeting as now developed. In the days before free education, men were taught in the schools to read and write. This secular instruction is now unnecessary, and the class leader devotes himself to explaining the passage of

Scripture assigned for the morning. A discussion follows, in which argument is invited. No dogma is taken for granted. Every principle must be translated into self-evident terms. Mere contention, reiterated aimlessly Sunday after Sunday, has to be closed, but the leader, though he be a layman dealing only with other laymen, must have absorbed by reading or intuition the broad message of Science and Criticism, as it applies to the daily life of man. The proceedings often include a lecturette, as it is barbarously called, on some general topic like the Poor Law, or Foreign Missions, or the life of a great man. The attendance at these schools may only be a few scores, but the program extends far beyond the bare hour. I have seen men loath to separate after an hour and a half. Their interest is sustained because they have a voice in the discussion. Their liberty of judgment is stimulated.

With the Brotherhood meeting in the afternoon, and the Adult School, with its "intensive cultivation," working more quietly behind the scenes, it is clear that outlets must be found for the energies so developed. Conservative politicians are quite justified when they tell us that "the tabernacle," which is the technical term for the Brotherhood Movement, influences votes. Every such revival changes the trend of statesmanship. Men who are taught the dignity of their manhood will not tolerate the meagre wages, the harsh conditions, and the abusive language which have been the accepted rule in many industries. For such men, the more abundant life must include adequate pay, adequate leisure, and decent housing. If not a word were spoken from the platform about specific problems like National Insurance, Child Feeding, and Old Age Pensions, the attitude of Brotherhoods towards these matters would be none

the less determined by the necessities of the position.

Whatever be its effect on parties, I submit that Brotherhood is of great value to the State. We see today a wide extension of civic activity. New Parliaments, more elaborate municipalities, vast social schemes of every kind are under development, and all of them require men who will subordinate the private to the public interest—in a word, citizens. After all, it was religion which in Ireland, as in England, kept alive the village, and it is a mistake to confine Brotherhoods to the cities. Wherever there is a cottage with a convenient kitchen, a homestead with a barn, or a rural Bethel, stagnating amid decay—there is the chance for the men's meeting. There is no subject on which Brotherhoods are more ready to listen than this of the regeneration of the countryside.

Again, consider foreign missions. Some working men have risen to be great missionaries, Livingstone among them. But the missionary movement, as a whole, has been largely sustained by the middle class, the upper million families, not the humbler millions beneath. Working men want to know whether the subscriptions so generously contributed by their employers might not have been spent more equitably on distressed people near home, than on South Sea Islanders who are believed to be happier under cannibalism than under Christianity. A burden of prejudice is embodied in the sneer at "Bullets, Beer, and the Bible." Yet if Brotherhood is to be fully developed as a social principle, it must be held to include not only the weaker classes in this nation, but the weaker races among all nations. If good citizens are needed in Leicester, then, clearly, they are not less needed in Sierra Leone or Hong Kong. If every man is to have his chance, why should

the Korean be excluded? If no man should be exploited by the capitalist, why should the Congolese be left without a friend to the tender mercies of the rubber hunter? Is good doctoring to be the exclusive privilege of white men? Surely the case for foreign missions can now be re-stated in democratic terms. Among the societies themselves there have been profound changes both in policy and objective. It is no longer a matter of so many conversions, secured by so much money. The missionary crusade is part and parcel of the general assertion of the rights of man. The Brotherhood Movement has for the first time furnished a platform which is immeasurably ampler than the drawing-room meetings and deputation lectures which have done duty for so long. It may be that an address which merely appeals for funds will not serve the end in view. If Universities have sent forth undergraduates to the ends of the earth, as missionaries to their fellow men, is it too much to hope that recruits may be drawn in increasing numbers from the vast network of redemptive education which I have endeavored to describe? Brotherhoods will do their part in paying their share when they know that their men are at the front.

The leaders are convinced that Brotherhood, if it be a true manifestation of the Christian impulse, must achieve a scope wide as the world. The Labor Movement, which is an attempt to realize the material aims of Brotherhood, is international. Capital, diplomacy, and rivalry in armaments are international. On the Continent the decay of Catholicism has left the souls of men and women in a vacuum, which nature abhors. Unless we are to assume that Christendom will be Christless—a hypothesis which is unthinkable—we must enquire what new garment will clothe the ancient faith when the clouds roll away and she

returns with healing to her heritage. For three years I met, week by week at an Adult School, a French atheist of irreconcilable convictions. After hearing his views on very many occasions at great length I was convinced that his revolt was not against the Christ who really lived and really died for men. He complained of the Church, the privileges of the Establishment, the encroachments of the celibate priesthood, the tyranny of elaborate dogma, of superstition, of ritual, of images, of legendary miracle. He had no quarrel with the Adult School at Whitefield's—none with the ministry of Mr. Silvester Horne. He confessed that he had not before met with religion after this mode. And that this man is a type of millions I am assured by experience at Toynbee Hall, where I spent many evenings freely discussing religion with foreign immigrants of almost every nationality in Europe.

At Whitsuntide, 1910, there occurred at Lille in France an event, the significance of which can scarcely be exaggerated. A British Brotherhood Deputation visited the city, accompanied by Mr. Keir Hardie. In a great hall 2,000 French workmen—materialist, agnostic, and atheist—heard from Mr. Keir Hardie an address which they regarded as absolutely sensational. "He declared that the impetus which directed him to his life's work, and the

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inspiration which has carried him on in it have been derived more from the teachings of Jesus Christ than from any other source." A test question for men and movements is: What think ye of Christ? An extraordinary scene followed. The audience sang "L'Internationale" and afterwards the British delegates responded with "All hail the Power of Jesus' Name," which the French Socialists encored. This year the same story of sudden advance is told by delegates returned from Canada! It is too early to speculate upon what such incidents may mean in their effects upon international relations, but at least I claim to have shown that the Oxford Movement and the Salvation Army, however notable their significance, are not the only "special contributions"—not, perhaps, the most far-reaching of such contributions—made to religion by the British people in the last hundred years. Is it not time that Brotherhood, with its vast potentialities, should be seriously studied, carefully guided, and vigorously developed along new and promising opportunities? To anyone who doubts the importance of this question, I would recommend a personal visit to, say, five typical meetings—Croydon, Staines, Worcester, East Ham Wesleyan Methodist, and Penrith. That experience will be sufficient.

P. W. Wilson.

RUSSIAN LYRICAL POETRY.

I

The lover of poetry may feel especially baffled if left without a guide through the vast steppes, the drear and limitless lands of Russian thought, at once so alien, so cheerless, with, as it were, neat Dutch gardens of modern origin interspersed—where the observer must peer at the new horizon

through the borrowed glasses of translation.

One fundamental difference between Russian and English poetry is that we English can boast of such vigorous antiquity of poetry, and are so prone to judge others by ourselves, that, in condemning lands which have thriven later and more scantily, we

do ourselves an injustice in supposing that all peoples can be equally favored. As the Eastern nations with their continuous civilization of three thousand years might condemn ours, which has flourished but for one thousand, and yet unjustly condemn, so the Western nations of Europe should not be too quick to censure the god of Parnassus for showering his gifts so comparatively late in the day on the Russian people, for the returns from the soil so slowly matured have been very great and very swift.

In Russian history there is one turning-point—the age of Peter the Great, than whom no more colossal figure has appeared. Before him, Russia was an Oriental State with no language save the Russian variety of Church Slavonic, and possessing no literature save a formless mass of popular legend. There was also some monastic lore—dim, shadowy, and of little historical value. This poetry, which preceded the Great Revival, has some outstanding features: it consists of the *byliny* or the *chansons de geste*, which were attached in the main to the mediæval court of Kiev; these poems have a peculiar character and metre. They were meant to be sung to the Russian Zither and to a primitive melody, with either three or four beats, hence the syllabization, irregularity and accentuation often seem arbitrary. The conventional epithet and still more the conventional verse mark them out, such as are indeed found in all primitive oral balladry. The metric scheme is very similar to the alliterative verse of the early Teutonic poems, with this difference: that alliteration has not been developed, and the continuity is maintained by the repetition of words.¹ In this short poem of *Sorrow* an attempt has been made to reproduce something of the untutored genius of the Russian—

¹ Just as duplication in philology precedes reduplication.

“Whence, Oh Sorrow, is thy origin?
She was born, was Sorrow, from grey
earth.

From under the stones that are grey,
From under the briars, the clay-clods.
And Sorrow shod her in shoes of bast,
And Sorrow clad her in clothes of
rushes,

Apparelled her in thin bast waist-
band,

And Sorrow approached the goodly
champion.

“He saw her, the champion, and must
escape her,

And fled from Sorrow to the open
meadow,

To the open meadow like a grey-clad
hare,

And Sorrow followed him.

She tracked him out and stretched her
meshes,

Stretching her meshes, her silken fet-
ters,

‘Stand and deliver, avaunt not, cham-
pion!’

He saw her, the youth, and must es-
cape her;

And from Sorrow he fled to the swift-
flowing river,

To the rushing river, like the pike-fish;
And Sorrow followed him.

She tracked him out, her nets she
cast,

Stretching her nets, the silken fet-
ters.

‘Stand and deliver, nor go thou cham-
pion!’

He saw her, the youth, and must es-
cape her.

From Sorrow he fled to the fiery fever,
To fever and illness, and laid him to
bed.

And Sorrow followed him.

She tracked him out and sat at his
feet:

‘Stand and deliver, avaunt not, cham-
pion!’

He saw her, the youth, and must es-
cape her.

From Sorrow he fled to the coffin-box,
To the coffin-lid, to his little grave-
mound,

To his little grave in the gray dun
earth.

And Sorrow followed him.

She tracked him out, in her hand her shovel,
 In her hand her shovel and drove in
 her carriage:
 'Stand and deliver, avaunt not, champion!
 Scarce was the breath alive in the
 champion,
 But Sorrow raked in his little grave-
 mound,
 Into his grave, into gray mother
 earth.
 And they sing the fame of the goodly
 youth."

Peter the Great revolutionized Russia; he found her an Oriental State with a dead tongue, and a formless mass of writing, to leave her a European power (which had been able to conquer Charles XII of Sweden), with a cultured literature and a polished language.

He made the Russians use Russian, and modified the Slavonic grammar and alphabet so as to be Russian. The *byliny* are poetry, but only share the same influence with the *chansons de geste*, or the Scotch balladry. Cultivated poetry, such as might be internationally recognized, came in with Lomonósov. This great grammarian (not, indeed, the very first to write strictly accentuated verse in Russian) during his life (1711-1765) composed many odes based on French models. They were formal and dull. We must remember that modern English and German verse re-fashioned itself after French, and the first essays were not successful—and that the great disaster of the Tartar invasion rolled back the Russian Renaissance by two centuries; indeed, the Russia of to-day still exhibits many mediæval ways of thought.

In this new poetry the loom was foreign and the web also; but soon the garment was woven of national stuff, and itself became transformed into the national costume. The French models

were themselves artificial—romanticism had yet to implant the great truth that the story of a people's childhood is the best lesson and guidance for its manhood. But classicism had one of the two constituents of poetry—form; and form had been lacking before; the period in which the inspiration becomes clothed with genuine national form is the true beginning of Russian artistry in verse.

In this first period there was no public but the Court; consequently literature, which is the reflection of life, was as unnatural as this exotic life.

Catherine I carried on Peter's work, founded the Academy and had the Western classics translated; amongst others, the essayists of England, Addison and his contemporaries, founded a school of thought somewhat less remote from observation of national character. Under her Bogdanóvich, Kostrov and Petróv, composed pseudo-classic effusions, and Krylov his wonderful pointed fables, which have often been Englished. Novikóv and Shcherbátov were superior, because they did not study Court taste, but strove after a Slavophil ideal; the evil days on which they fell were an unwilling proof of the rectitude and depth of their tendencies.

Of this first period of Russian literature little needs to be said. After Peter the Great, Russia had a Janus face—pointing towards the East in her manners and religion, to the West in her intellectual life. And her literature henceforth forms an organic part of European literature, rising and falling with it. The Russian eighteenth century imitates that of Western Europe. Unincited by any international wars of ideals, worldly even in the spiritual realm, the age of prose still plied its dusky wings over the Western world, with some faint gleam of occasional religious fervor.

After the fashion of Voltaire's *Henri-*

ade, and Klopstock's *Messias*, uninspired epics poured forth, as from Trediakóvski. Comedy flourished, and satire found congenial themes. Fon-Vizin's comedies, though modelled upon Molière, still live and have furnished many idioms and common quotations. The glory of this age is Griboyédov's *Góre ot umá* (the mishaps of wit). But then comedy and satire had a real basis; there was so much to decry, and security lay in laughter: "Who would die a martyr to sense when religion is folly?" Ridicule was levelled against bureaucracy, serfdom and society; and, in so far as the meagre inspiration of a satirist can extend, was inspired and sound. One weapon against itself Russian absolutism fostered—the study of history; it will be observed that Russia only exemplifies the universal law that the greatest literature is national, and from national themes sprang the grandest dramas and lyrics of the nineteenth century. Karamzín, the historian of Russia, is the forerunner of Khomyakóv, the Slavophil, who championed national polity as against that of Germany or France.

II

It is the paradoxical fashion of literary historians to construct definite periods and then acknowledge their inexactness by admitting they overlap. The inconsistency is really non-existent. Literature is an organic growth with regular seasons, but not all plants flower at the same time; and especially when development is rapid, the old and the new come together in discordant juxtaposition and the forest seems a strange tangle of rotten trunks and freshening bushes. So Karamzín lived on in the age of Púshkin, and the duellist's weapon smote Lérmontov only four years later than his master Púshkin. Vyázemski lived through the Byronism of the revolution, the romanticism and the nationalism of the Na-

poleonic wars, the realism of the age of social reform, though he himself was almost of the pseudo-classic school. Zhukóvski in like fashion outlived his sphere of activity. Literature follows national life; and, as the crowning fact of the age of Lomonósov was the westernizing by Peter and Catherine, so Russian literature felt the shock of the French Revolution, breathed the anarchic freedom, best typified in Shelley's and Byron's topical verse, and shook off the yoke and constraint of obsolescing form and thought. Literature followed Sidney's motto—

"'Fool,' said my Muse to me, 'look in thy heart and write.'"

The Revolution blew the cobwebs of classicism away with a rude blast of individualism.

Glinka inaugurated the first school of pure lyric; it is very crude. This presentation may be very well compared with the Kíev of Khomyakóv—

"High upon the hill before me
Lo, the walls of Kíev frown!
Swift below them flows the Dniéper
Twisting silvery past the town.

"Kíev, hail! Of Russian glory
Thou the candle West of old,
Dniéper, hail! The ever-welling
Fount of Russia crystal-cold. . . .

"As in bygone days departed,
They shall seek the holy place
Come for peace and sure asylum
Once again to thy embrace."

(Translated by H. C. F.)

Some reference will be made later to Russian patriotic poetry.

Khomyakóv was succeeded without warning by Délvig, who, not without some individuality of his own (he has a tuneful despondency with some direct natural coloring), is best taken in conjunction with his greater friend Púshkin, who is without doubt the greatest genius Russia has produced. Púshkin's work is in part very By-

ronic his *Yevgéni Onyégín* is a very successful adaptation of Don Juan to the Nevski Prospekt. His great dramas, *Boris Godunóv* and others, show real power, and are none the worse for being inspired by Shakespeare. His short lyrics sometimes show the influence of Goethe,¹ but have the admirable terseness which is conferred by the synthetic character of the Russian language and supreme polish, whilst the lyric insight into nature is very strongly marked.

In his ballads, very largely framed on foreign models, he dealt in cultivated metre with the great epics of early Russian history. Apart from the tremendous stride in form and in metre, Púshkin proved one still greater achievement: he made Russia at last look into her own heart and write. Yazykov, Alexis Tolstoy and others followed in his wake. Púshkin and his wonderful school—Délvig, Barátynski, Tyútchev, Yazykov, etc., etc., are all Russian to the core, Russian too, in an evil way, with that subtle melancholy which is still that of a nation enslaved, when it is not Byronic, *e.g.*

"Through clamorous streets my feet go
straying
Or into some frequented fane,
Or where the maids assemble playing,
And nought my dreamings can con-
strain . . .
My senseless corse can never care
Where it may chance to waste away.
I love my home. Let it be there
It rest from e'er the last long day.
Albeit when I shall lie decaying,
New life will spring in joy and light,
Unheeding Nature still displaying
Eternal beauty, burning bright."
(*Púshkin.*)

There were two great schools of reformers at this time—the Slavophil, who looked to the resurrection of the Slav tradition, and found their leader in the great poet Khomyakóv; and the

¹ E. g. his *Echo*.

revolutionaries, who spoke of the rights of man and looked to the West for guidance: Ogaryóv is the principal name in this school.

In the "twenties and 'thirties" of the past century, as in England, lyric poetry reached its height, and balladry and drama were also consummated. The art was perfect and the conception was popular; it was popular to an extraordinary degree. Koltsóv, coming after Púshkin, ventured back to a lyrical adaptation of the old free metres of mediæval Russian—

"I sit at my table
And fail a-pondering
How can I live on
All solitary?

No wife have I wedded,
A maid for a man,
Not a friend is my own now,
A friend I can trust. . . .

"He bequeathed me poverty,
My father mine,
And one thing besides,
A strong right hand.

"And all my vigor
I have lost in vain:
I must needs be servant
To stranger-folk."

His pastoral and agricultural pictures can hardly be equalled for their deadly appositeness and their utter simplicity. And, outside the realms of the official Russian language, in Little-Russia, Shevchenko instituted a new school of Little-Russian poetry, consisting mainly of modernizations of the ancient ballads, but all pregnant with life.

When the Decembrist revolt, in which Küchelbecher and Rylyéyev suffered, was put down, and reform postponed by its failure, a change came over literature: Slavophilism was repudiated; domestic reform remained. On the ebb of the romantic tide came Lermontov, the most Byronic of Russian poets, and in some respects the greatest. His temper is essentially morbid and introspective. The *Demon*

is perhaps his greatest work. He conceived the Evil Spirit as wandering for ages, weary of evil-doing, and at last, on Mount Kazbék in the Caucasus (that most fortunate place of exile for the great Russian poets—it inspired them all, and gave them leisure from engaging in plots which might have landed them in Siberia or on the scaffold), lights upon the unearthly beauty of the Caucasian maid Tamára. He falls in love with her, and forswears all his world dominion, and she consents at last to his embraces, which spell for her possible apotheosis, but instantly death. Some passages out of the *Demon* are quoted below—

"The Demon, the outcast went his way,
Beneath the blue vault of the sky,
He shone pure like the cherubim,
And memories of a happier day
Thronged through his mind tumultuously,

Far days, when in the abode of light,
When, where the racing comet ranged,
It gleamed its welcome, spoke with him. . . .

(*The Demon to Tamára*)

"Through the sky go ever traceless,
In those fields aye unsurveyed,
Clouds inviolate, embraceless,
Woven like a fine brocade.
Unto them nor joy, nor sorrow,
Lovers' meetings, lovers met,
No desire for the morrow,
For the past no vain regret.
Think of them, like them be careless,
When the pangs of grief torment,
Of all earthly shadows shareless,
Be like them indifferent."

(*Tamára's love*)

"A sail from the depths of the sea,
Or the gleam of a star in the west,
An angel appeared before me,
Unforgotten that force of the blest.

"But whom was he flying to meet?
All in vain my endeavor to learn:
I saw him perhaps in my sleep:
Alas, sleep then can never return. . . .

"Softly I slept,
When near he crept:

He is for ever more
My Star

Of hope in that strange clime,
To atone my crime.

Great God, incline!—

If he know nought of love; then how
Didst Thou,

Make love Thy whole design?"

Lérmontov's lyrics are all tinged with that same fatalistic pessimism, and it is only in his poems of legendary lore and love that this trail can be escaped.

—To the same period Alexis Tolstóy may be assigned: a great dramatist, lyricist and novelist, but as a poet there was something more of the studied and uninspired. His greatest gem is, perhaps, this little patriotic poem to his native land. The love of the steppe is, after all, fully as natural as the love of English poets for their native hedgerows—

"Country mine, land of my birth,
Steeds that range without rein,
Cry of eagles aloft, and on earth
Wolves that howl o'er the plain.

"Oh, my country, hail all hail!
Tree-tops slumber-bowed,
Midnight song of the nightingale,
Wind and steppe and cloud!"

After 1825, as in England, there is no great poet for sixteen years. The wild floods of revolution had run their course, and been dammed, lost their froth and gathered strength for the next assault. As Tennyson and Browning were, in a sense, Liberals compared with the Radicalism of Shelley and Byron, and the Rossettis, artists in words and feelings, full of pathos and tenderness, but devoid of the energy and fierce passions of the Napoleonic era, so in Russia Polónski, Shenshín, Máykóv and others represent the tendency to pure poetry for its own sake, and Nikítin, Nekrásov, Nádsón, the yearnings for civil, civic freedom: they also rebel against the tradition of poetic form, like Browning; Nádsón in

one of his letters remarks "he cannot stomach Apukhtin" (the almost finicky lyricist); the reforming poets and the artistic, as in England, meet in strange combination of contrast.

And in them the key is lower; for hope had been long deferred, and mediævalism was obstinate. It might well be asked, what was the moral effect on poetry of the Crimean war? Perhaps very little. The great battle was for the emancipation of the serfs and the erection of some representative body; their freedom and the *zemstvos* followed as a consequence of the defeat before Sebastopol; and thus, in a way, although a national conflict strains the brain and sinews, and rudely awakes the imagination of a people from the lethargy of peace, the vivifying work of this war was discounted in advance.

The autocracy was then almost at breaking-point, and throne and people were completely at variance. Novelists and poets were all preaching social reform, and when the defeat in the war came to stamp the despotism with the brand of inefficiency, Nicholas I resigned the task. He left his heir, Alexander II, express directions to emancipate the serfs and create some local authorities; and in this great period the floodgates were opened and the reproofs of the pen poured forth. Indeed, it was only the assassination of Alexander that prevented a kind of Parliament being constituted.

The melody of this new school is called realism. No longer is the poetic instinct satisfied to idealize the figures of legend—it must portray the sufferings and wrongs of the people.

Poetry cannot altogether accomplish this; poetry shows forth the inherent beauty of life too visibly to be believed, too bare of the drab disguises of the present; prose is more of time, and we have the great names of Russian realism, the great novelists of the

'fifties, Gógol, Turgényev, Dostoyévski, who by actual experience know what the great masses of the Russian people suffered in resigned silence. There is a gulf between this style and the ultra-romantic tales of Púshkin (e. g. *A Contemporary Hero*).

III.

Since then, it is difficult to predicate the course of Russian poetry. An easy inference would be to say that as in all Europe, except perhaps Germany, the Muses here again retired for their periodic recuperation. The great poets have ceased to be, and some great change is awaited. Perhaps the generation born of the Japanese struggle, born to its humiliation and its dangers internal and external, may produce the man. But, as elsewhere, only lyrical verse is found, and that not of the highest order of all. The melancholy of the Slav temperament, accentuated by the weariness of paternal severity exaggerated, the inevitable outcome of autocracy, has prevented a great poet of empire arising to celebrate as he well might the wondrous and irresistible onset of Russia's prowess—the destiny that leads her blindly on to Imperial greatness. He has not appeared. To us the reason is not far to seek. Russia is distraught within and cannot be glad with the strength of a valiant and self-reliant man.

The new Russian lyric may be illustrated in Bálmont's *Land of Bondage*. (Bálmont, it may be remarked, was a fervent admirer of Shelley, and has produced a very creditable Russian translation)—

"I am in the Land of Bondage; walk by night: trees everywhere:
Walk by day and leafy mazes net from view broad Heaven's glare.
On the bordering horizon, 'twixt the mountain-peaks and me
Only fitting glow-worms, serving stead of sun and moon I see . . .

In this sunless wood wan faces dim-
reflected fright and rend.
I am in the Land of Bondage—without
end."

The same tinge of expectancy long
deferred may be seen in all of the
Russian patriotic poetry; it is a kind
of scolding love—the love a mother
feels in a very naughty child who will
not reform. Tyútchev's epigram is
significant:

"Impervious to reason's light
By common measures undefined
Her growth is quite unique, you'll find,
Our faith in Russia must be blind."

Nekrásov is also something of a mor-
alist, though his pictures of Russian
life are terribly realistic. He wrote
the following hymn:

"Thy people's good, Lord, rests with
Thee,
Thy blessing on their toil alight:
Protect their manhood, make them free,
Grant unto them to judge aright . . .
Thy chosen race from serfdom's chains
Release, O Lord, and be their Guide.
Be Thou their Light where darkness
reigns,
In Russia, Lord, we pray, confide."

Beyond this general characteristic
of the vastness of the steppe and the
The Oxford and Cambridge Review.

eternal imminence and postponement
of reform, some remarks may still be
made on what differentiates Russian
poetry from that of Western Europe.
By the nature of the language, Russian
has no monosyllables, very few prepo-
sitions, and is as synthetic as Latin,
and only less exact than Greek. This
confers on Russian poetry a strange
feeling of terseness and directness,
something like what might happen if
a Horace were to arise in modern
times to write in modern metres and
his own language. A translation from
the Russian loses more than from any
other language, as the clean-cut edge
has been moulded into the rounder
form of the analytical languages of the
West of Europe.

In general, it may confidently be
said that the nation which has been
able to extend its civilization from
Moscow to Vladivostók, has shown the
characteristic Slav vitality, and has in
the realm of music produced such great
names as Borodín and Chaikóvsky, not
to speak of several great achievements
in scientific directions, has very much
to give to the world; it has still very
much to suffer, and its young poetry
promises to be one of the fairest and
the greatest in the times to come.

Leonard Magnus.

THE ABU ZAIT CONSPIRACY.

(Concluded)

A shave, a tub, and a brisk walk in
the cool freshness of the morning dis-
sipated the stale aftermath of a rest-
less night, and Burke strolled down to
the District Office no longer hag-ridden
but cool and clear-headed for what-
ever the day might bring forth. He
felt the need to strike a mean between
the credulity of yesterday and the
doubts of last night. He must be com-
mitted to no theory, must have a per-
fectly open mind, able to give each ob-
servation its due weight and no more.

So faced, the situation was not unin-
teresting. Abu Zait was a dull place
as a rule, but with this investigation
in hand it became full of exciting pos-
sibilities. In his heart of hearts he
was a little proud of this ability to
look on critically at the unfolding of
events fraught perhaps with terrible
danger for himself. It was with what
almost amounted to a swagger that
he traversed the group of saluting po-
licemen and bowing natives and en-
tered his office. The Mamur (Assistant

Magistrate) with obsequious geniality introduced the morning's business: a few trifling disputes to be settled, a sheik to be interviewed, a complaint by a Greek trader against a Coptic quartermaster-sergeant to be investigated. Then came Mansur Effendi himself, a very low tarbush—an unerring badge of nationalist sentiments—placed well on the back of his head and his myopic eyes gleaming sly and inscrutable behind his glasses. He came to request that a certain police corporal, a man decidedly above the average in intelligence but not in other soldierly qualities, might be lent to the Postal Department during the illness of one of the subordinate clerks. Now Burke knew that this corporal had been recently at Hillet el Sheik, and somehow, in spite of his determination to be free from preconceived theories, his suspicions began to work again. "Did the corporal wish to undertake this duty?" he asked. The corporal was anxious to do so. "Had he any previous experience as a clerk?" Oh yes, he had worked in the office of Yousbashi Ahmed Effendi Hamdi while stationed at Hillet el Sheik. Burke elaborated a flowing design on the blotting-pad as he digested this piece of information. It looked badly on the face of it, and yet, would the corporal have quoted such a reference if that telegram warning Burke against Mansur and this very Ahmed Hamdi had been read? On the other hand, the corporal might not be in that secret. He decided to see how far Mansur was set on having this particular corporal.

"There is the sergeant at the Zaptea," he said, "why not take him instead? He is of higher rank and a very good clerk." Mansur looked greatly disappointed. "Ah no, sir. He is not suitable for postal duties. His eyesight is deficient, and moreover he is a man of shallow mind."

Eyesight deficient, indeed! Burke sent for the medical officer and the sergeant in question, and requested expert opinion upon the point at once. The medical opinion formed after a dramatic but cursory examination of the lids of the patient—Abu Zait did not run to Snellen's tests—was to the effect that the sergeant, while admirably equipped for duty at the Zaptea, was quite unfitted for work at the Post Office. Burke eyed the medical officer suspiciously. "So you are in it, too!" he thought.

"Well," said he aloud, "let us see which of the two takes down a telegram most successfully. Mansur Effendi, please give each man a pen and paper." Thus armed, the sergeant and the corporal stood, each with the paper held close to his eyes and the pen at the ready, determined to show off to the very best advantage.

"Write as follows," said Burke, and in his best Arabic he gave the following sentence, watching its effect not only on the competitors but on the other occupants of the room: "The XXth Battalion Sudanese will hold itself in readiness to proceed at once to ——" Burke glanced upwards, hoping to detect a strained attention here, an anxious flutter there, but not a lid quivered,—"*Kassala*," he concluded, and received the two samples for comparison.

There was no doubt as to which was the best. Besides, thought he, it might be just as well to give the plotters all the rope they would take. So much the sooner would they give him an opening. So the corporal was duly allotted to the Post Office, and the group moved out of the room, leaving Burke to complete a few books and sign a letter or two. He could see the telegraph clerk in deep conversation with the doctor in the verandah outside the office, and scraps of their conversation came to him where he sat. "When is

the post-boat due from Hillet el Sheik?" asked the medical officer. "In-shallah, the steamer will be here by 5 P.M. this afternoon," answered Mansur, "unless she runs on the sand by Shellal el Sint. Come with me, oh, respected physician, for I would speak with you alone." The voices became inaudible as the two men receded from the office window, and Burke, rapidly finishing what work remained to be done, made his way through the village and back to his quarters.

During lunch, and after it when he played at a siesta, Burke's mind continued to dwell on the same problem, this question of a plot, which had for the present driven out all other questions. One thing at least was clear—that he must intercept the mail from Hillet el Sheik. The telegram had practically ordered him to do so, and that conversation, overheard just before lunch, hinted that to-day's mail might be of importance, was at least eagerly awaited. It is not pleasant to have to open other people's letters, but duty is duty!—and indeed the investigation had caught Burke's fancy more than he realized, so that he turned his thoughts to the matter with less reluctance than he had expected. He knew that the custom was for Mansur Effendi to meet the boat and personally take over the mail-bag from the engineer. To anticipate this, he must board the steamer up-stream of Abu Zait. How was that to be done? After considering a moment, he recollected that he had noticed a shilluk ("dug-out") in a creek some miles up the bank, at a point where he often bagged a duck or two in his evening prowls. He looked at his watch. It was now 3 P.M. and the steamer was due at 5. Better start at once. Taking down his shot-gun and filling his pockets with cartridges, he strolled through the village and took

the track across the marshy ground that bordered the river bank, his mind occupied for the moment, regretfully, with the thought of poor old Billal, so often his companion on this beat and now awaiting the post-boat to return in her to Wad Gharbu. A native officer emerged from some huts, saw him, and saluted. Burke acknowledged the salute after a rather ostentatious shift of the gun from under his right arm to his left shoulder. He felt the necessity to make all his actions explicable in terms of sport, for who knew what observant eyes might be following his movements. A mile or so on, at a bend of the river, where a low hill shut out the station from view, he struck the creek and found the little canoe amongst the rushes. Here, under a clump of dōm-palm, whence he could scan the long reaches of the river to the south, he waited in comfort, watching the shadows lengthen as the westering sun dipped towards a golden horizon. His glance dwelt lazily on the mighty stream slipping past so silent and strong on its eternal journey. There was comfort in it, a hint that plots and plotters were things of time, an assurance that the great stream of human destiny is but little disturbed by the throbs and struggles of individual will. A silvery fish leaped clean above the surface, while a heavy swirl of water and a dark fin, visible for a second like a knife-blade slicing the eddy, indicated the presence in the depths beneath of a relentless pursuer. A line of pelicans, sweeping south across the evening sky on slow and even pinions, caught his eye and saved him from a too close application of the silent river and its hidden tragedies to things less remote. As he followed their flight he perceived the column of smoke that stood for the expected steamer, her hull still invisible owing to a sharp bend of the Nile. It was time to be moving, as a few moments

would bring her round the corner and abreast of where he stood, so crouching into the narrow canoe and using the butt of his gun for a paddle, he put out on to the bosom of the stream. The post-boat rounded the point, her steam-whistle emitting a long signal to advertise the station of her approach. Burke, waving his hat and shouting, caught the attention of the engineer on the bridge, who, with the deference of a sensible Greek to the mad escapades of British officers, slowed down and took him aboard, even permitting one of his men to row the dug-out back to the creek and rejoin the ship over land. So the first phase was accomplished, and the second must begin at once, for there was no time to spare. Burke did not mince matters. Hailing the engineer to the cabin, where he had installed himself, he demanded the mail-bag from Hillet el Sheik.

"It is against orders, excellent Bimbashi," protested the Greek.

"Nevertheless I must have it and open it!" reiterated Burke. "I take all responsibility, but must remind you that time is passing."

"If the Bimbashi will give me a written order——!" The Greek was ready for a compromise. Burke scribbled an order, took over the bag, and commenced operations at once, as the engineer returned to the bridge to direct the manœuvre of coming alongside. It was high time. The steamer had already commenced the wide sweep that would bring her to the landing-stage with her bow up-stream against the current. The letters were few and quickly sorted, chiefly official and addressed to the Inspector and O.C. Police Detachment,—in other words, to Burke himself in his official capacity. Two only deserved attention, both being in the same type of cheaply perfumed envelope, both addressed in the same handwriting, and both in

purple ink,—one to El Kateb Mansur Effendi Awad, the other to Saag. Hassan Effendi Fadel, Medical Corps. Hurriedly transferring these to his pocket, Burke closed the bag, drawing tight the chain that ran through the metal eyeholes in its neck. Then, and not till then, was he aware that the seal which he had broken in opening the bag bore the official stamp of the Posts Department. Such a stamp was kept only by the departmental officials, and none was to be had on the boat. Burke glanced hurriedly through the cabin window. The steamer was actually alongside the landing-stage, and there, waiting for the mails, was Mansur Effendi himself. The matter must be carried through with a high hand. Burke picked up his gun and the open mail-bag, and having waited a moment on deck to let the gangway be adjusted, walked coolly across it and up to Mansur Effendi.

"There," he said, handing him the bag. "I opened this one by mistake. It's the bag from Hillet el Sheik, not that from Wad Gharbu as I thought. I'm expecting a note from Purvis Bey in the latter, so please send it up at once if you come across it. It is important, and the answer should go back by this boat." He leaped to land and started to move off without any explanation of his breach of postal regulations, when a thought struck him and he turned and reascended the gangway. Passing up to the engineer, who was still giving directions from the bridge, "You gave me the wrong bag," he said.

"No, Excellency," protested the other, "that was the bag from Hillet el Sheik. Of that I am certain."

"Exactly," said Burke; "but I asked you for that from Wad Gharbu!"

"Excellency, I assure you!"

Burke allowed a shade of annoyance to be visible on his face. "You don't imagine I'm expecting letters from a

station where there are only Egyptian officers? I wanted an urgent message from Purvis Bey in order to answer it by this steamer. You should have attended to my order. Do so another time."

The Greek dived his hand into his pocket and produced that written order. "See, sir!" He held it out in triumph. "Hillet el Sheik!"

"How exceedingly stupid of me," said Burke, frankly apologetic. "I can't think how I made the mistake, but I see that I myself am to blame. The letter from Purvis Bey is in the other bag. I expect I shall be obliged to detain you for an answer."

The engineer was at once in the best of good-humor. "Sir," he said, "I am obliged to take in wood for the return journey. I cannot start before 6.30 P.M. There is plenty of time." So Burke, shouldering his gun, passed out through the crowd on the landing-stage and up to his quarters. "Mansur will suspect me, of course," thought he, "but had I forgotten to square the engineer he would have absolutely caught me out." He laid the gun on the camp-bed and dropped into a long chair in the verandah. "Fool," he muttered to himself. "That was much too narrow a shave." But he felt the letters in his pocket, and knew that in that matter at least he had succeeded.

Instead of his usual after-dinner program of a pipe and novel on the verandah, Burke after his raid on the Hillet el Sheik mail-bag, brought his candle-lamp inside the hut, and taking Spiro's "Arabic Dictionary" from a shelf, set himself to go through the stolen letters. Reasonably speaking, the verandah was lonely enough in all conscience, but the wide empty darkness around his little candle-lamp seemed too populous for such a deed, and he sought the more visible solitude of indoors. Truth to tell, he felt thoroughly ashamed of the whole busi-

ness, and more inclined to be alone with his familiar confidential walls than with the cold criticism of the stars.

"Here goes, then!"

Out came the two letters, both scented, both addressed in purple ink, both reeking with the ultra-civilization of Young Egypt. Selecting that addressed to Mansur Effendi he carefully steamed the envelope, opened it, and spread the letter on his blotting-pad. The fluent, careless writing, so different from the Arabic that we read in our study of the language, was baffling at first, but gradually words emerged here and there and in their turn gave clues to others, until at last, between Spiro and speculation, Burke had pretty well mastered the document. And a funny document it was.

"To the Clerk, Mansur Effendi Awad, the beloved.

"After the usual compliments, this is to tell you that all things at Hillet el Sheik resemble pitch. Thanks to Allah! the Second Lieutenant Mahmud Effendi Bakri is ill with fever. He is a bad officer. His conduct resembles that of his ancestor, the dog. Avoid him if you should be near him. His company is injurious. Send to your friend, by first post-boat, three bottles of whisky, one bottle of lime-juice, and three heads of sugar. Also send two hundred cigarettes. The price of these articles shall be repaid to you by the Translator, Sadek Effendi Taleb, now at Khartum. This official owes me much money. Onions are cheap here.

"Ahmed Hamdi,
Yousbashi XXth Battalion."

Burke put down the letter and laughed heartily. "A captain in the army writing to his pal that onions are cheap! Good Heavens!" thought he, "how *are* we to understand these fellows?" He read it over again with fresh amusement, thankful too that there was no conspiracy in it. Then

he took up the second letter. Was it worth opening? He almost decided against doing so, but, perhaps as much for the diversion of another such epistle as from any expectation of discovering sedition, opened it also. Somehow, he felt less compunction in reading private letters that so withheld their intimacies, and once more, with Spiro to help him and imagination to fill up the blanks, he set himself to his problem. This letter, too, gradually delivered up its secrets. It was very largely a damning criticism of the character and antecedents of one Girgis el Solibi, a Medical Corps orderly and the only representative of his Department at Hillet el Sheikh.

"This Copt," said the Yousbashi, "thinks more of his monthly return of medical comforts than of the needs of those whom God has afflicted with fever. On last Saturday my temperature rose to 105 degrees and I approached near to death, but this son of a dog denied me cognac, though I gave him a written order, and would issue nothing but a white powder named 'Benger,' which dried my stomach like sawdust. His quinine also he mixes with flour and sells it to civilians. I thank God that no evidence will be available when he is brought before a court-martial, for the Faithful spit at the sight of this accursed Nazarene. Hasten to make your annual inspection; and do your loving friend the favor of reporting me unfit to serve in this place. I ask God to witness that my spleen is very large. Hasten to help one who loves you." So far Burke had translated with great amusement, and only one line remained. He nerved himself for a final struggle with the language and resumed. "El bussel—onions." "Oh Lord, here we are at onions again!" thought Burke; "hina—here, rachis—cheap." Burke exploded with delight. "Onions are cheap here! No letter is complete

without a note on the price of onions. Oh Egypt!" Burke laid down the letter and lit his pipe. "They're not such terrible conspirators after all," he thought, carefully fitting the letters back into their envelopes and gumming them up. "I'll drop them at the landing-stage so that it may seem that they fell from the open bag."

Strolling down to the village through the cool night air, he accomplished his mission and went home to bed and to sleep.

Two days had passed since the episode of the Hillet el Sheikh mail, two long monotonous days, during which the stream of evidence had quite dried up, no fresh facts coming to light either to support or weaken the case against the telegraph clerk. Burke had alternated between moods of deep suspicion and intervals in which the everyday routine seemed so permanent that all this talk of plots faded off into mirage and hot air.

After a morning passed uneventfully at the office and a police kit-inspection after lunch, he lay at ease in a long chair and sipped his afternoon tea on the shady side of the verandah, watching a little lizard capture fly after fly on the whitewashed wall below the thatch. The mottled head and yellow throat were just visible from under a rafter. The quick eyes surveyed the wide space of wall below, implacable and keen, suggesting the lithe body and tense muscles ready to respond to their every message. "Buzz." A lazy fly, perhaps the very one that had haunted Burke's forehead as he lay awake at dawn, swooped downwards and lit on the danger zone. Like a flash the watcher was upon it and back again to his lair with his captured prey. "I wonder when they'll swoop on me!" said Burke. Everything reminded him of that unsolved problem; his mind might

wander for a moment, but always near the surface was that inevitable preoccupation. He rose impatiently. "The thing is getting on my nerves," he muttered irritably, taking up a book and resuming his seat, not to read but to think again. Billal should reach Wad Gharbu to-morrow, and Purvis be warned in time to dispel that infernal story. The mail south from Khartum starts on Wednesday and should get here eight days later, bringing details to supplement that telegram from Chesterfield-Smith. Until then he could only speculate as to what grounds there were for suspecting a conspiracy. He began to con over the whole story from the beginning. How idiotic he had been to destroy that envelope, if indeed he had destroyed it. Or if this too had been the action of an enemy, how completely successful it had been. He realized that his induction rested almost entirely on that envelope.

If his momentary impression had been correct, then there was everything to fear. If he had been mistaken, there was absolutely nothing to implicate Mansur except the original telegram. He reached for a stick of sealing-wax, lit a candle, and made a series of a dozen stamps with his key. Placed side by side they were almost exactly the same, and yet there were minor differences. He cut out the two extreme variants, searched for a lens, and examined them closely by its aid. Yes, undoubtedly a mistake might arise. Why had he not checked his opinion in this deliberate way at the time? And yet the very fact that he had not done so, that he had been perfectly certain and felt the need for no further investigation!—surely this in itself almost settled the matter. Or was it possible that the cipher telegram had prepared his mind for mysterious discoveries, and excited an unconscious suspicion? Was it really

"suggestion" that had made the dissimilarity between the key and the seal so obvious? It was undeniable that he had noted this dissimilarity and formed his opinion before he deciphered the wire. Talking of wires, here came an orderly with what looked like one in his hand. Burke strode out to meet him, tore open the red cover, and glanced at the telegram.

"The advance company of XXth Sudanese left Wad Gharbu yesterday evening on steamer *Nasser* for Khartum. Will stop at Abu Zait for wood fuel.
Iswid."

It must be explained that in the Sudan, where coal is not obtainable except by import and at a high price, the steamers burn wood, which is cut and stored at various points along the Nile bank. The bulk of this fuel makes frequent refills necessary, and Abu Zait, being so situated that a constant supply was available, had become one of the recognized wood-stations on this reach of the river. "Iswid" was the code word for "XXth Battalion Sudanese."

Burke dismissed the orderly and sat down again to consider this fresh situation. Obviously the company had started before Billal could possibly have arrived with his warning to Purvis. The flooded Nile—it was the month of September—made it impossible for a steamer to reach Wad Gharbu in less than four days, while the strong current made it probable that the *Nasser* would reach Abu Zait by to-morrow morning. Well, then, the company might still be under the impression that its destination was the Indian Frontier, and not Kassala at all. What an opportunity for the Egyptian officers in command to foment mutiny among the men. Burke knew that Purvis must stay with the headquarters of the battalion, and of his two British Bimbashis, one was on de-

tachment at Fula and the other on leave. It was certain that neither of them would be with the advanced company. Well, the first thing was to arrange for the wood-supply. Burke rose, slipped on his coat, found a sun-helmet, and started for the village. He had donned stalking-boots with string soles, intending to pick up a gazelle, if possible, on his evening stroll, but this was now out of the question. Work must be done in spite of the fact that an Arab had reported a herd of "ariel" at a neighboring khore, so he strode on silently and impatiently over the sandy path. Down by the landing-stage, seated on the stacks of faggots or on camp-chairs, he could see a group of native officers and clerks enjoying their afternoon chat by the river. As he got nearer he recognized the inevitable Mansur, the staff-officer, the doctor,—all the usual gossipers. He was close upon them now, but occupied with their talk, or perhaps because his footfall was muffled by his stalking-boots, they had not yet perceived his approach. How they gabbled, to be sure, with gesture and shrug to amplify their words—Mansur, as usual, leading the discussion. Burke was almost among them, when at last somebody looked up and a silence fell except for one voice. Mansur, whose back was turned to the Inspector, held on in his eager discourse, "El bussel hina rachis!"—"Onions are cheap here!"

Burke stopped as if shot, his face disconcerted and tense. Mansur was silent, turning round towards his chief with confusion on his countenance. All the officers betrayed surprise, and, reflecting perhaps Burke's own expression, uncertainty and anxiety. One buttoned up the open neck of his khaki tunic, another hurriedly removed a gaudy silk handkerchief from under his tarbush, and proceeded to an ineffectual salute. Then the moment of acute embarrassment passed, and

Burke, calling up his usual manner with an effort, said a polite good-evening, and expressed to the staff-officer his wish that sufficient fuel should be ready to supply the *Nasser* on the morrow.

Finally, after exchanging a word with the police officer, and gradually bringing things back to normal, he pointed to his boots and explained his sudden appearance. "I was about to go shooting," he said. "I came on you so silently that you did not hear me. I hope I did not disturb you." A chorus of negatives and much polite protest followed, during which Burke withdrew, and left the party to continue their conversation.

Burke sat down to his dinner that evening with much to occupy his mind. The situation was now perfectly clear to him. Once more possessed with that certainty of induction that had gripped him at the commencement of this story, he found the facts fitting into his hypothesis so aptly that coincidence might reasonably be excluded.

That one sentence, overheard when he surprised the group of officers, had supplied the clue to those letters, otherwise so incredibly silly and meaningless. In the light of it, he now interpreted the situation as follows. Obviously a code had been arranged by the conspirators, and in it that bizarre remark, "Onions are cheap here," implied "Be on your guard. We are observed." It could hardly be doubted that some confederate at Khartum had discovered that the Intelligence Department was on the track of the plot. Obviously he had wired to the chief organizer, Yousbashi Ahmed Hamdi, warning him to be on his guard and to caution the others. Hamdi, fearing a censorship on telegrams, had written to his two chief adherents at Abu Zait letters that could convey nothing to an outsider, yet with their hidden message, "Be on your guard."

Exactly the same thing had happened this evening. Mansur, made aware by some sign that the Inspector was near, had stopped a seditious conversation by the code-sentence. The manner of the officers had spoken more clearly than words. He had never seen a more guilty-looking gathering. There could be no question now of the reality of a conspiracy. All he could do was to anticipate active measures, and if possible defeat them.

Dinner drew to a close, and Mahmud, in spotless galabieh and red cummerbund, cleared the table and left his master to his thoughts.

Burke's effort now was to place himself in his enemies' position and imagine how he himself would act in like circumstances. He could place their activities, as far as his knowledge went, under two heads.

Under the first he grouped all attempts to intercept communications, as for instance the capturing of the Intelligence Cipher, and intercommunication between conspirators, such as the arrangement of a code. Secondly, there were active measures of revolt, the only one which he had yet discovered being the spreading of discontent among the Sudanese troops.

He must needs accept the fact that his enemies had succeeded as regarded group number one. How were the active revolutionary measures likely to develop?

To begin with, he was bound to assume that the opportunity was now or never. Granted that the move of the XXth Battalion was being advertised as an attempt to send Sudanese troops to India, this theory could only remain credible while the advance company was actually travelling north. The moment they turned southeast again towards Kassala, as would happen at once on their arrival at Athara, the lie would be given to all such stories. How, then, would he himself act in

such a case? Pressing his forehead down on his hands, he struggled to project himself into the position of an Egyptian officer bent on striking a deadly blow at the British occupation.

"Time, now! Place—well, what condition must the place fulfil?" He ran through the strategic considerations bearing on locality. Absence of a possible hostile military force. Presence of confederates. Position on lines of communication. Accessibility to large and warlike native communities capable of being inflamed by Islamic propaganda. Burke rose from the chair, selected and lit a cigarette, and glanced down at the lights of the village. "*Abu Zait*," he said. The possibilities of the position gripped him till he forgot to be a partisan and remembered only that he was a soldier. Eagerly he took up point after point of his plan. He would inflame the Sudanese till every man on that steamer was ready to shoot the first British officer that appeared. He could land at Abu Zait, shoot the Inspector, join hands with the already disaffected police, and raise the standard of revolt, calling to the Jihad that splendid fighting tribe the Giloudi Arabs of the west. Then, with determined men at Wad Gharbu and Fula, two revolver shots would get rid of Purvis and Vachell, and it would be simple to inflame the whole of the XXth Battalion with a hatred of a distant campaign against the children of the Faith. Oh, how the rebellion grew! All the troops to the south in arms against the Government, the few British in the Bahrel-Ghazal murdered or starved out, the Arabs in fanatical revolt, the wild Sudanese tribes joining their brothers in the battalions and leaping to arms. What could the handful of white troops in Khartum effect against such a conflagration? What, indeed! The zest of invention left him, and he saw

himself not leading a successful revolt, but confronting one. Granted that a conspiracy was on foot, it *must* develop on these lines or not at all. Well, a conspiracy *was* on foot. So much for the Inspector at Abu Zait. His duty was clear. He must board the ship at once on its arrival and put it to the men themselves that their destination was Kassala, and Kassala only.

"Fool," said an inner voice, "do you imagine that they will let you reach the deck?"

"If it must be," came the answer, "death is no sweeter on the shore than on the gangway. Do your duty, and God help you!"

And Burke, with his mind at last free from doubt, lay down to a slumber that was quiet and undisturbed.

Sleep is but a short respite in the struggle that we call life. The new dawn crept up, pale and cold, into the darkness of the East. It grew and strengthened, embraced the world in its white arms, trembled, blushed crimson, and gave place to day.

"My last, perhaps!"

Burke sat up and swept the horizon with his glance, conscious of the abrupt transit from drowsy freedom to the high and perhaps tragic duties of his awakening. There to the south was the smoke column of the *Nasser*, black and dense at the funnel top, fanned out into grey gauze above under the gentle buffets of the morning breeze. It seemed to move through wide verdure, for the steamer had not yet rounded the point where she would be visible upon the river.

Burke rose, dressed hurriedly, took his revolver from its case, then after a moment's thought replaced it and picked up a camel stick instead, and having swallowed a cup of tea and a biscuit that Mahmud had put ready for him in the verandah, started for the landing-stage. Quite a large group had

formed there, officers, civilians, employees, a fatigue-party to help with the wood, and the usual contingent of onlookers. Mansur Effendi could be seen in earnest conversation with the medical officer a little apart from the others. Burke passed through the crowd, acknowledging salutes to left and right, and placed himself at the edge of the wharf as the little vessel, sweeping from the far bank, came alongside with her nose up-stream against the current.

Ropes were flung and caught, the stern dragged level, a plank passed across as a gangway, and Burke, with a glance up at the sea of wild black faces on the steamer's deck, stepped boldly on to the narrow timber.

The mind works rapidly as such a moment. Love of life, fear of death, swift speculation as to the manner of it, whether a blinding rifle-flash from above or the cold pang of a dagger from behind!—all these ideas leaped together into one instant of thought.

A voice rang out shrill and piercing from the ship.

"Stop him! Seize him!"

Cries rose on all sides, and the soldiers on the boat swarmed madly to the foot of the gangway. Burke lifted his eyes. An Egyptian officer with fierce anxiety written on his face, and an outstretched finger pointing full at him, was calling to those on shore to stop him.

A cold, slow, incisive voice in his inmost heart said, "God help me. It is the end." With shoulders squared and head thrown back he took a pace forward. Crash! The plank broke under him, and with a wild sway and a clutch at the gunwale, Burke drove downward into the brown billows of the flood. A swirl of broken light and rising bubbles, a sickening shock driving through his being like red fire, and he knew no more.

A fortnight had passed, and Burke,

propped up on pillows in his quarters and well on the way to recovery, could look back at his obsession with comprehension, almost with amusement. He had heard the whole story of his accident in minute detail from several sources—from the doctor, the staff-officer, and even Mansur himself, the hero of the event.

They described how Burke had stepped heavily on to the plank—an old one, that should never have been used for the purpose. At this point of the story the staff-officer added that the sergeant in charge of the landing-stage was now awaiting trial. Suddenly those on the ship had noticed that the plank was giving underneath. They had shouted; Burke, apparently confused, had stepped forward, putting all his weight just over the crack and had completed the mischief, falling in between the steamer and the wharf and striking his head against the keel. Mansur Effendi, well known as one of the best swimmers in his native town of Benha, had promptly dived under the steamer, grasped the sinking officer, and aided by the soldiers dragged him on to the bank farther down stream.

It had been a gallant rescue, for the flooded river was sweeping north with tremendous force, and none but the strongest of swimmers could have withstood its current. Mansur feeling a proprietary interest in the man whom he had saved, and not unmoved perhaps by this great obligation conferred upon a high official, had watched with the doctor, and between them, after unremitting care, both night and day, they had tided him through the severe concussion and the attack of fever that had followed. Old Billal, too, sent back by Purvis Bey a week later, had been unwearied in his watching and care, and now all was well. As for the conspiracy, Burke had quite lost faith in it. Mansur had proved himself a good man and true. So had the doctor.

A letter from Purvis, sent by Billal, brought the news that the rumor about India had resulted from a paragraph in that highly readable paper, "*El Lewa*," an ornament of the Egyptian press that sometimes finds its way into the Sudan. Purvis had been told at once by his Sudanese officers, and had given the report the lie and calmed their apprehensions. All that remained for clearing up was that wire from the Intelligence, and Burke was momentarily expecting light on this subject, as the long-awaited post-boat had just arrived and the letters were even now being sorted. In a few moments Burke's mail was brought in by the postal orderly. Discarding even his home letters in his eagerness to see what Chesterfield-Smith had to say, he picked up an official envelope marked "*Strictly Confidential*," opened it only to find a second labelled "*Secret*," and finally took out the letter itself. It ran as follows:—

"Dear Burke,—I gather from your reply to my cipher telegram that you have had no anxiety about the loyalty of your staff at Abu Zait. This is merely to say that we have since found out that the information leading to the warning sent you was quite unreliable. A clerk, dismissed from Government service as a result of accusations brought against him by some of his fellow employees, came to the *Sir*dar with a very complete account of a plot against the Government, which he substantiated with a number of documents, since proved to be forgeries. His story implicated many Egyptian officials, among them being Mansur Effendi and Ahmed Hamdi in your district. Pending inquiry it was thought prudent to put you on your guard, and similar telegrams were sent to several other British officers in out-stations.

"I may tell you confidentially that,

with the single exception of yourself, all of them found reason to suspect the officers mentioned to them, and their suspicions have since proved groundless. I am permitted to tell you that your confidence in your officers has been much appreciated by the Sirdar, who considers that it points to a very satisfactory cooperation between you and them. You will be pleased to hear that he has selected you for the post of Senior Inspector in Kassala Province, and your promotion appears in this week's 'Gazette.' Allow me to be

Blackwood's Magazine.

the first to congratulate you, and believe me, yours very sincerely,

"R. Chesterfield-Smith."

The letter dropped from Burke's fingers. He felt confused and weak, inclined to titter in the helpless way that comes during convalescence. A step sounded on the threshold, and Mansur, his face wreathed in obsequious smiles and a copy of the "Gazette" in his hand, hastened forward.

"Saatile Bey!" he cried, "Inshallah ashoo fak Basha badein!" "Please God, I may see you a Pasha before long!"

S. Lyle.

THE PROFESSOR AS PRESIDENT.

Anyone who thinks that a professor and the head of a University must necessarily incline to "donnishness," could hardly be disabused more effectually than by spending a few hours in Dr. Woodrow Wilson's company. He has passed fifteen years of life in the lecture-room and eight more as President of Princeton University. But he has not a trace of the aloofness, the limitations, and the cloistered futility that such a career and environment as his do occasionally induce. Donnishness, in any case, is rather an English than an American disease. The professors, and especially the Presidents, of the American Universities are a body of men remarkable for the vitality of their contact with the world. They are men of affairs; they are often great citizens as well as great educational administrators; they are a human and energizing influence in the public as well as the intellectual life of their surroundings; one important middle Western State may almost be said to be governed from its University; and, speaking generally, one feels in the American collegiate air an alertness and modernity and a consciousness of something more than a mere scholastic

mission that may, and no doubt do, impair the quality of learning, but that at the same time strongly reinforce the quality of life.

Dr. Wilson is an admirable example of this professorial type. He has always kept steadily in view the duty of making education serve the wider purposes of civic and national endeavor. He developed his professorship at Princeton into what was little less than a school of statesmanship. A student of politics from boyhood, one can see from his books that, while thoroughly grounded in the theories and principles and history of government, what chiefly interests him is to analyze ideas in their relation to the realities which are supposed to embody them. His essay on "Congressional Government" was one of the first attempts by a native publicist to get past the philosophy to the actual working results of the American scheme of government. It may almost be said to have done for the American what Bagehot did for the British Constitution. In all his writings, indeed, one discerns a passion to pierce through the aspects of things to the fact beneath. He is the author of what is by far the

most suggestive and judicial history of the American people that has yet been published; and the many articles he has contributed to the "North American Review," on current affairs, show a spacious, free-working, and discriminating mind, a supple style, and a sure grip. It was these attributes, set off by an engaging personality, and an easy and striking way of putting things, that made his lectures on jurisprudence and politics, with their constant handling of contemporary events, not only the great attraction of Princeton, but a fountain-head of sound political thought and practical inspiration.

It is no light task to be President of a great American University. The mere business interests of such an institution are immense; the care of its property alone is almost enough for one man; the organization of its staff and its maintenance in efficiency and harmony tests whatever administrative and diplomatic qualities the President may possess; the arrangement of the time-table, the supervision of the system of instruction, the enforcement of discipline, the physical and social welfare of the undergraduates, the raising and disbursement of funds for new buildings and new apparatus—all these are duties that he cannot devolve. Princeton under Wilson, like Harvard under Elliot, took a new start from the day of its new President's inauguration. He infused into it a real spirit of work; and the first five years of his administration were a tale of internal peace, effective reform, and a vast expansion of fame, usefulness, and material success. It was not until he tried to change the social structure of the University in a democratic direction, and to insist on his right to control its educational policy, even to the extent of refusing large gifts of money for the establishment of a Graduate School of which he could not approve, that trouble broke out between himself

and his trustees. Unlike Englishmen, the Americans are interested in education; they followed the resounding controversy that raged through the clubs, lecture-halls and common-rooms of Princeton with close and comprehending intelligence; and they came quickly to the opinion, not only that Dr. Wilson was fundamentally in the right, but that the stand he had taken and the qualities he had shown in defending it marked him out for a wider sphere of public service.

The upshot of it was that in 1910 the Democratic "machine" in New Jersey, anxious to hide its grossness behind a respectable figure-head, and not doubting that a college President in politics would be nothing more than a figure-head, nominated Dr. Wilson for the Governorship of the State. There ensued one of the most remarkable campaigns that even America has ever seen. Dr. Wilson went up and down the State, avoiding personalities and partisanship, appealing to reason and conscience, laying bare the abuses of New Jersey's politics and social and industrial conditions, illuminating his theme with a natural eloquence that the most ignorant could understand and the most fastidious could enjoy, with a thousand happy phrases and illustrations, and a humor and freshness that made his whole campaign an intellectual treat and a political revelation. He fairly shook New Jersey awake, and New Jersey at that time, of all the States in the American Union, was the one where politics were most corrupt and most under the domination of "the interests," and where the theory of representative government was most openly belied by the actual facts. In the first six months of his Governorship, after a struggle with the "machine" that was watched with breathless interest by the whole country, Mr. Wilson had induced the legislature to pass laws

reforming the electoral system, regulating the public services, enforcing employers' liability, allowing the cities to adopt the commission form of government—in a word, civilizing the statute-book of the State, and restoring to its people the means of self-government.

His conduct of his Presidential campaign has been in harmony with his record at Trenton. It has been impersonal, elucidatory, kept to a high level of thought and practicality, perfectly simple and straightforward in its treatment of public issues. Mr. Wilson comes into national politics with an endowment of reading, culture, and philosophy such as no American has exceeded. He belongs, indeed, rather to the British type of public man, as it is represented by Mr. Bryce, Lord Morley, Mr. Balfour, and the late Henry Butler, than to the American type. He will bring to his Presidential duties an intellectual power, a knowledge of the science of government, and a capacity for administration that ensure his success. In the White House it is what a man is that counts rather than what his opinions

The Nation.

are; and only time can show whether Mr. Wilson has the full flexibility that the office demands, or whether he may not prove too apt to find a point of conscience in every crisis. There is no rigidity in his intellectual equipment; he has the gift of learning and the higher gift of acknowledging his mistakes; but one has sometimes seemed to discern a certain want of elasticity in his moral temperament and judgments. A man of unbending integrity and of an ardent and exalted character, he may at times find it difficult to fit himself to the compromises of politics. That, however, is a speculation which the future may or may not confirm. What in the meantime is certain is that no man of a wider culture or of a sweeter nature or more charming personality has ever been elected to the Presidency. His pleasant humor, the rich, spontaneous flow of his conversation, and the dignity that underlies his unpretentious manner will make the White House during the next four years a place worthy of the earlier days of the Republic.

OLD Q.

Hushed the voice of mirth among
Europe's Ministerial purlieus,
Save where someone opes his lung

In a walling like a curlew's:—
"He is dying! There is no
Chance for dear old *Status Quo*!"

Softly fall the steeléd feet
Of the First-class Christian Nations;
All the Chancellors you meet
Seem to be his near relations;
Murmuring, "We shall miss him. Oh,
How we loved old *Status Quo*!"

Long they'd patched his tender spot,
Long had nursed him in a zealous

Christian spirit, saying, "What
Inconvenience it would spell us
If, one day, a fatal blow
Finished good old *Status Quo*!"

Now the Powers, the Great (and Good)—
All their men and all their horses—
Cannot, even if they would,
Reconstruct his vital forces;
Cannot rectify the low
Pulse of poor old *Status Quo*!"

Only they who knocked him out,
Whom his sorry plight he owes to,
They, the little powers, no doubt,
Could revive him if they chose to;
But they won't; they say, "What ho!
We are sick of *Status Quo*!"

But the Others, looking wise,
Talk in concert, all denying
Very flatly their surprise
At his sudden taste for dying:—
"Why, we told you long ago,
All was up with *Status Quo*!"

So the Nations watch and wait,
Anxious each to do her duty
Should a fellow-Christian State
Jump her claim to any booty,
Any swag that's like to flow
From the loss of quaint old *Quo*.

Punch.

Owen Seaman.

RECONSTITUTED FRIENDSHIP.

It is proverbial that love disintegrated by anger can be reconstituted, and the proverb applies even more truly to friendship. It is said also that absence tends to increase love. This latter saying is one of that large class of proverbs which seem to be intended to accentuate the exceptional. Absence often kills friendship, occasionally augments it, and sometimes merely holds it in abeyance. It depends as a rule upon the length of absence and also upon the quality of the affection concerned. Carelessness accounts for the larger number of broken friendships. Fools—and who is not sometimes a fool?—forget that while real friendship is not a brittle thing, it has points of cleavage, and it will not always resist serious anger. If we are wise—or should one say when we are for a while wise?—we realize that we have certain convictions and conclusions which lie at the bottom of our minds very close to the sources of indignation, and which we

instinctively guard, not with argument, but with anger. In our best moods—when we realize that love is the fortune of the soul—we never pursue those lines of discussion which rouse in ourselves or in our friends an instinctive display of hostility. Generally speaking, very ordinary care is sufficient to preserve friendship intact. A few silences, a few suppressions of impulse, a little violence done to the natural man who wants to convert and will not stop at persecution, and we are safe. All this is true, as we have said, in an ordinary way. But waves of strong feeling roll from time to time over the world. Then above the roar of the seething pot of conflicting opinion we hear the noise of shattering friendships. Then the careless stand to lose everything, and only those who can retain their hold upon the true values of life come out of the tumult with their friends beside them.

Friendships thus broken are, however, sometimes reconstituted, and are, or appear, stronger than ever before. Both sides have learned at any rate to set its true value upon a possession which they will never risk any more. Anyhow, a renewed friendship between serious people is seldom broken again. Is it really reconstituted, or have both sides learned to be careful? Does the principle of the cracked jug come in? It is well to believe the latter theory before we take a risk, and the former when the mischief has been done—and undone.

Anger, of course, rises and friends fall out on smaller accounts than those we have been speaking of. Lovers' quarrels, we know, are soon forgotten, but the friendship which is broken over a little thing is often very hard to renew. Humor may save the situation, and the renewed friendship may go deeper than the old one. Springs of feeling may be touched when the breach is healed which were before unsus-

pected or only suspected. It is remarkable how seldom an ordinary hot temper destroys friendship, though here, again, carelessness may work havoc. The friend of a hot-tempered man must be careful; but very often the hot-tempered man has an inner caution which one must know him long before one suspects. Fiery people have more self-control than they get credit for. They never learn to avoid an occasional explosion, but they get extraordinarily adroit—we suppose from practice—in directing its force, and become skilful in avoiding disaster, more skilful sometimes than those less accustomed to find themselves beside themselves, so to speak. These latter, when unexpectedly roused, are often horribly bitter of speech, and give a far worse wound than men who are known to lay about them upon small provocation.

Absence, prolonged absence, is, on the whole, far more inimical to friendship than anger, yet friends come together again after very long partings and even find an augmented delight in each other's companionship. With a like emotion a man may go back to the country of his youth upon an expedition of rediscovery. Exiles are very often forgotten at home, and sometimes come back almost as strangers. Now and then, however, a friendship is taken up where it was broken off, and develops into something rather different but perhaps better than it was before. Much has been forgotten in one sense, and yet in another sense there is nothing to forget. The friends have never fallen out of love; their affection has only lain quiescent. When they meet again they have a common background of memory, but the foreground is new. The glamour of a new friendship is superimposed upon the dim familiar colors of the far past. The combination is often delightful. Something of this is now and then

seen between Indian parents and children. Too often, of course, they stand to one another in a critical attitude. The children have given their affections elsewhere, or have learned to do without affection and to look only for the amenities of life—for amusement, comfort, a good time. It is surprising what strange substitutes for love are accepted by the young. Now and then, however, a very perfect relationship arises after a long spell of separation. Parents and children find that they have tastes and feeling in common, which come, of course, from their common origin, but which they have never learned to take for granted. Children are joyfully surprised by the fact of their parents' devotion. They have not become wearied by home customs. They do not feel the longing for change and freedom which estranges so many fathers and children. The relationship is a bond, but not a bondage, it is an extra tie of friendship, and such parents and children are happier together than most of those who have never been apart.

Perhaps the greatest test of friendship is the test of death. After years of that absolute absence most of our friends become to us like characters in a book. We think of their troubles with interest but without emotion. We think of their characters with ap-

The Spectator.

preciation but without love. They fall together into types and make part of the furniture of the mind. Our sense of humor, if we have one, plays very strongly round them. They amuse us more than they amused us in life. We appreciate what they were, we love them no longer. If fate has in store for us another meeting, we could not reconstitute our friendship—it is dead. It is because this feeling is so common that certain exceptions stand out in all our memories. There are a few dead people whom we feel, whatever our eschatological conclusions, to be alive. Like all live things they change a little, always for the better; but they never become paper people—never take their places with the well-drawn characters in books. Much of what we call memory is nothing but a note-book—a mere volume of past history. What belongs to the past becomes as time goes on more and more unreal, more and more of a picture, more and more of a story. But there are certain memories which never leave the region of the present, and they are memories of friendships. Some such friendships have already been reconstituted once—a fact which proves nothing, but whose suggestion of hope remains a thing of the present, and does not slip with the dogmatic creeds into the unreal land of yesterday.

THE WOMAN AND THE PROBLEM.

A genial stockbroker, induced by his wife to sit out a reading of "*Hedda Gabler*," informed her at the conclusion of the function that, had he known all she wanted to hear was an improper story, he could have told her a much better one! Problem plays inevitably suggest impropriety, but, in the majority of instances, one is much disap-

pointed! It was surely the most problematical of dramas that called forth the poignant regret of the man who complained that he had spent five shillings and seen nothing indecent! Lack of impropriety, however, is the least charge that can be brought against the problem play. The deadly dulness of the performance, the wearisome re-

iteration of prosy passion, bores the healthy-minded man profoundly, and would cause the wreck of the theatre where the discussion takes place if introduced into any other type of entertainment.

Even when the brilliance of a genius like Shaw keeps one on the tenter-hooks of expectation, the centre of the problem, the woman who is challenging accepted morality, defying established convention, fails to persuade the audience, and at the best only succeeds in antagonizing them. Anne, the heroine of *Man and Superman*, never lives, though she pursues the object of her desires with the vigor and determination of the sportsman. Nobody is persuaded into the belief that she exemplifies the real attitude of any woman towards any man. She is at the best only an abstraction. The absence of emotion in debate is necessary for the observance of logic, but the heroine of a play who acts from reason untouched by feeling never for a moment assumes flesh and blood.

To revolt wholeheartedly against a conviction it is necessary at one time to have believed in it with all your strength. The most determined atheist is the man who at one time fervently accepted the existence of a God. The most successful thief, he who for years believed in honesty. The revolting woman in the majority of problem plays has never believed in anything at all! The lady in *John Gabriel Borkman*, who runs away with his son, certainly challenges morality when she takes with her a young girl, to whom her lover may turn in the future, but she is never convincing, she is merely nasty. On the other hand, Magda, in Sudermann's great play, passionately believes in conventional morality, and in a storm of despair flies from her father's house, unable to face the shame of bearing an illegitimate baby. She decides the old morality is brutal,

vindictive, and throws it aside. She embraces the gospel of free choice for women as for men, and defends her new religion ardently when challenged. Only, and this is not peculiar to Magda, she finds no very lasting satisfaction in it, and at the end one feels the daughter, like her father, utterably regrets the exchange of the new for the old convention.

It is indeed very noticeable that the pioneers of sex equality in problem novels, as in plays, never arrive at even a passably happy ending. They are invariably offered up as victims to religious or social persecution. They reiterate their view persistently, but find very little satisfaction from it.

The drama of to-day has shifted its point of view a little, and we see the problem of the family versus the individual at a different angle. Here again however, the woman remains unconvincing. Most noticeable is the failure of the woman of the piece in one of the cleverest plays of modern times—Mr. Houghton's *Hindle Wakes*. Fanny returns from a stolen week end, and one feels intense sympathy with the girl under the cross-examination by the parents. She gives them, all unknowingly, the identity of the man, and in one of the finest scenes ever written the girl's father tackles his old friend, the rich millowner and father of the young man. Jeffcote insists the son shall marry Fanny and break off his engagement with the girl he loves. The question is fought out, and step by step the inimitable Jeffcote gains his point. And then after three acts of tense emotion and fierce conflict, Fanny refuses to marry the son in a flippant and airy fashion that, after the strength and feeling of the preceding scenes, comes like a slap in the face.

One anticipates her refusal, one feels it is inevitable. But the reason she gives is not convincing, it destroys

the atmosphere so carefully built up. Her words turn a strong drama into a farce of the musical comedy type. She went away with him for a lark!

Not only in matters of sex is the problem play unconvincing. A woman tired of her husband, a person of unamiable characteristics and weak bodily health, decides to free herself, put an end to his existence, and incidentally marry her lover, by administering poison to the invalid. She argues the matter with herself at great length, and decides she is justified in taking the extreme course, that indeed it is a duty for the weak—as exemplified in young wives—to take arms against tyrannical husbands. Having made this statement she administers the poison, and is apparently convinced of the excellence of her new morality. That being so, she should either have gone out into the world ready to chance her luck—like Nora in *The Doll's House*—or she should have married her lover, been brutally happy, and have proved the sincerity of her conviction. Instead, she is moved to an incredible course. She tells her lover what she has done, claiming it as a proof of her devotion. The man not unnaturally jibs at the suggestion and dispenses with her as a wife. In conclusion she is left declaiming her gospel of the weak against the strong, &c., to a weary and yawning audience.

It is regrettable that in problem plays the woman about to leave her husband insists on justifying herself to the servants. Women indeed are somewhat unfairly treated by the dramatist, in the matter of taste. It is difficult to recall a husband propagating the gospel of infidelity to the household, and insisting that his soul demands he shall leave his wife and child for another lady. He does not mention his soul in the connection, and during the transition stage of his af-

The Eye-Witness.

fections behaves, as the lady in the pit once observed of Hamlet's treatment of Ophelia, as a perfect gentleman!

Women and problems seem to have a disastrous effect on playwrights. The merely delightful woman is infinitely more easy to create. Who ever doubted the reality of Lady Cicely Waynflete, in *Captain Brassbound's Conversion*? Who has denied the charm of Mrs. Clandon in *You Never Can Tell*? Compare them with the woman of the problem, the somewhat priggish, entirely boring Candida, who is never so unreal as when she gives her reasons for remaining with her husband.

The husbands, as a rule, are wonderfully forbearing, and listen with attention, if not sympathy, to their wives' views. One is moved to profound admiration of the doctor in Ibsen's *Lady from the Sea*, who remains cheerful and resigned when she places her agenda on the family table for discussion, and supports the opening resolution that she shakes off the dust of her home. It would be interesting to find a husband arguing in like fashion with his wife. The audience would, at least, welcome a change of fare.

As a rule the woman of the problem play is childless, which suggests that the real conundrum is the absence of the child. It would be curious to see how the dramatist of this school would deal with the mother of ten children who felt a mission to change her husband and her home. In life, if the woman leaves her children, she does so, in spite of her conviction that she ought to stay. Only the dramatist knows what her conviction would be on the stage. The last thing he ever pleads is that they sacrifice home, honor, husband, and children for love of the man. Love is the one thing never mentioned in plays of this school. That, perhaps, is the reason they are called "problem."

Margaret Hamilton

MOONSET AND SUNRISE.

The forts of midnight fall at last;
The ancient, baleful powers
Yield up, with countenance aghast,
Their dragon-guarded towers.
Henceforth, their might as dust being trod,
'Tis easier to believe in God.

Where were the great ones of the earth,
Kaiser and Czar and King?
Small thanks to them, for this glad birth
Whereat the daystars sing!
The little lands, with hearts of flame,
Have put the mighty thrones to shame.

To-morrow, who shall dare deny
The heroes their reward,
And snatch from under Victory's eye
The harvest of the sword?
Not we ourselves, a second time,
Could dye our hands with such a crime.

Idle the dream, that e'er the Turk
Can change into a Man!
Have we not seen his handiwork
Since first his reign began,—
Since first he fed his lust and rage
On ravished youth and slaughtered age?

If, of his power, no lingering trace
Remained to insult the sky,
Were not this earth a better place
Wherein to live and die?
If he could vanish from the Day,
What but a stain were cleansed away?

Three lustrums have in turmoil sped
Since Greece, unfriended, hurled
Her javelin at the python's head,
Before a languid world,
While the great Kings, in far-off tones,
Mumbled upon their frozen thrones.

She dared too much, or dared too soon,
And broke in disarray,
Where, underneath his crescent moon,
The coiled Corruption lay.

Heartened anew, the scaly thing
Returned unto his ravening.

But now his empire, more and more
In narrowing confines penned,
An oid and putrefying sore,
Hath festered to its end;
Nor far the hour, when he at last
Shall, like a foul disease, have passed.

Pity for others had he none;
In storms of blood and fire
He slew the daughter with the son,
The mother with the sire.
And oft, where Earth had felt his tread,
The quick were envious of the dead.

But since his fierceness and his strength,
His faded pomps august,
His courage and his guile, at length
Sink into night and dust,
For him, too, let Compassion plead,
Ev'n as for all of Adam's seed.

O lauds by his dominion curst
Throughout five hundred years,—
That never could appease his thirst
With all your blood and tears,—
In this new day that breaks divine
He shall drink deep another wine.

The cup of lowliness shall slake
Lips that nought else might cool,
When hurricanes of terror shake
The towers of Istamboul,
And blasts blown on that Golden Horn
Arouse the City of Dreadful Morn.

For now the hour of dreams is past;
The gibbering ghosts depart;
And Man is unashamed at last
To have a human heart.
And, lo the doors of dawn ajar,
And in the East again a Star!

Loveless and cold was Europe's sin,
Loveless the path she chose,
And self-upbraidings deep within
She strangled as they rose;
But that dark trespass of our own
Forbids that *we* should cast a stone.

Enough, if hands that heretofore
 Labored to bar His road,
 Delay henceforward nevermore
 The charioteers of God,
 Who halt and slumber, but anon,
 With burning wheels, drive thundering on.

The Nation.

William Watson.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Four plays,—“Othello,” edited by Professor Thomas M. Parrott of Princeton University, “The Tragedy of Richard the Second,” edited by Professor Hardin Craig of the University of Minnesota, “Twelfth Night,” edited by Professor Walter Morris Hart of the University of California, and “The Winter’s Tale,” edited by Professor Laura J. Wylie of Vassar College—have been added to the Macmillan Company’s Tudor Shakespeare. These attractive and inexpensive volumes are all well furnished with notes, glossaries and other helps to a better understanding of the plays. The Neilson Text is used in all of them.

Suppose yourself a literally penniless young spendthrift, and suppose that you were told that you would inherit a fortune of \$5,000,000 if you could contrive to enter a certain town, up to that time unknown to you, wearing the costume of Eden, remain there a month, asking charity from no one, telling no one of your prospective wealth, and then leave the place taking away any one object that you chose, what should you do? The problem stated is that which Mr. Tom Gallon sets before the hero of “As He Was Born” and it is worked out most ingeniously and amusingly. Mr. Gallon’s style continues to suggest his profound admiration for Dickens, but that is a merit rather than a fault at a

moment when so many writers are content to imitate the latest “best seller.” Dickens would have delighted in the plot. George H. Doran Co.

Rather more abstruse and difficult to follow than its companions of The Home University Library, “Electricity” by Gilbert Kapp (Henry Holt & Company) well repays the reader who will take the care to work his way through its scientific-sounding and algebra-laden pages; for the author wishes to present the theory of electricity—he holds no brief for a new hypothesis, but accepts the regular molecular-mode-of-motion explanation and explains electricity from facts of gravitation—in such a way that the every-day problems of lighting houses and running street-cars may be plain to the untechnical man. He succeeds admirably.

The Philippines, as any other country which is the melting pot of “all sorts and conditions of men” offer an inexhaustible field for the problem novel. “The Locust Years,” by Mary Helen Fee, is a study of married life on a small island in that part of the world. The man is a young pearl fisher, who belongs by origin to the ranks of the common people, and who is aware of no class distinctions except those created by money. His wife on the contrary is a high-bred,

educated, fine-grained woman who took up the occupation of nursing previous to her marriage, as a means of escape from relatives who protected but did not love her. The adjustment of her ideals of life forms the theme of the novel. It is a thoughtful book, and the conclusions reached are elevating and wholesome. If more problem novels were as sane, that class of fiction would be more deservedly popular. A. C. McClurg & Company.

Now that most of us have ceased to look for the Great American Novel, we are more apt to welcome less critically and with greater favor the plain, every-day story that is thoroughly, though unpretentiously, American. In "The Woman Of It," Mark Lee Luther has caught with unusual accuracy the rhythm, pitch, and tempo of the ordinary life that is lived by most of the people most of the time, whatever their position on the social scale. When the story opens its key is just changing from farm-life in Tuscarora Falls to Washington and the activities that center around a seat in Congress. A pickle factory and its resulting millions form the modulating chord. The Braisted family becomes involved in the intricacies of its new position; Steve in doubtful speculation and a growing sense of his own importance; his son in the verdancy of freshman year at Yale; his daughter in the veneering processes of an aristocratic finishing school; while his wife blunders wholesomely through her social duties, emerging ultimately with a finer grasp of their new life than any of the others. The Braisteds and their friends are so lovably human in their every-day affairs—Mr. Luther has the rare gift of investing every character he touches with a sympathetic interest—that the reader rather regrets the tinge of melodrama that closes the plot. But where nothing

else, either in the telling or the planning of it, is unduly forced or intensified this is easily forgiven. "The Woman Of It" is one of the best novels of the season, and should hold its place for many seasons to come. A story that can be so successful and at the same time so free from painful striving after effect is a restful discovery. Harper & Bros.

A sane and logical arrangement of many hitherto unassembled facts for all who believe in the advancement of women, is the book, "Why Women Are So," by Mary Roberts Coolidge. It is not a presentation of the suffrage question, but an outline of woman's development from 1800 until the present day. In a lucid introduction where the author presents her hypothesis she frames a question which the book is intended to answer. The question is this: "Is the characteristic behavior which is called feminine an inalienable quality or merely an attitude produced by the coercive social habits of past times?" In reply she takes up the domestic traditions of the early 19th century, and their harmful effects upon women, and shows how girls trained in ignorance and subservience developed "feminine" characteristics in distinction from the fundamental womanly attributes. A discussion of Some Exceptions follows, and there are interesting comments on the careers of Mary Lyon, Susan B. Anthony and Mary Baker Eddy. Although not a follower of Mrs. Eddy's religious tenets, the author considers her one of the most wonderful women of modern times in her complete escape from the feminine tradition. The book is not a protest nor a rehearsal of wrongs, but after stating many candid truths and rather startling thoughts it points the way from femininity to womanhood; out of pettiness to a larger and more

useful life. No thinking woman can fail to find the book interesting whether or no she always agrees with the author. Henry Holt & Co.

Of college and boarding school stories there is no end, and it does not appear that young people desire an end of them. Hardly another class of juvenile stories is so popular. Those young readers who have followed Dorothy Brooke's doings through the three previous volumes will eagerly welcome "Dorothy Brooke at Ridgemoor" which depicts Dorothy as a college girl. The author, Frances Campbell Sparhawk, has told the story of college life from a rather different angle than many of its kind; Ridgemoor College is not an isolated community but is situated close to a man's college, and near a great city, and its life has varied aspects and interests. Most of Dorothy's old friends appear again before the book is done, and she successfully defeats an unscrupulous rival for popularity and academic honors. The book will please most girl readers in that it is longer than the ordinary juvenile and its generous pages are packed with interesting incidents and adventures. Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

Mary Hallock Foote, in her latest novel, "A Picked Company," gives an account of a little band of New Englanders who journeyed overland to Oregon in the days just preceding the discovery of gold in California. Aside from its interesting pictures of pioneering and of the devoted men whose spirit and courage were responsible for the expedition, the book furnishes a study of a complicated situation in family life. Into the home of Alvin Hannington shortly before his journey to Oregon comes the daughter of his once wayward and now dead sister. The girl shares the room and the occupations of Hannington's own daughter

Barbie, and is temporarily successful in estranging Barbie's suitors. As the family move Westward Stella becomes more and more of a problem and drifts into a life governed only by her personal instincts and wishes. Her further career and subsequent end in the lowest depths to which the gold fever brought many of its victims is depicted with gruesome realism. In contrast is Barbie's steady wholesome growth as one of the pillars of a new civilization and a capable home-maker. In its combination of historical narrative and psychological character analysis, the book is most striking. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Those characteristics which have made Paris a "lodestone to the pleasure seeker" from the earliest times form the subject matter of "Old Paris; Its Social, Historical and Literary Associations," by Henry C. Shelley. The author discusses mostly the Paris of the late eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries, and owing to the changes which the names of various streets have undergone since that time, he classifies each place in its relation to the Seine. Much of the material owes its source to the correspondence and other writings of contemporary men of letters, and the book is rich in anecdotes and allusions to familiar personages. Sterne, Rabelais, Diderot, Rousseau, Dr. Johnson, and Charlotte Corday are among the figures who people the old Inns and Cafes and often their presence in some Tavern is its only claim to remembrance. It is an "excursion of the spirit" to which Mr. Shelley in his introduction invites the reader, and to the spirit and imagination the old days and ways are made very real. One of the most interesting chapters is the one on the Street Characters whose cheap entertainments antedated the formal pleasure garden. These mountebanks may be considered

the descendants of the street nomads of classical and mediæval times. The Psalm Singer, the Public Letter Writer, the Quack doctor are only a few of the picturesque throng. The author is to be congratulated not only for the wealth of material which only long and patient research could have brought him, but also upon his good fortune in gaining access to fifty rare and beautiful prints, reproductions of which illustrate his volume. Many of them are obtainable only at the British Museum and the Carnavalet Musée at Paris. Street scenes, fêtes, quaint buildings and interesting portraits help create a vivid impression of the era which words alone could not convey. Scholars and antiquarians will find the book a lasting delight, and the general reader cannot fail to enjoy it. L. C. Page and Company.

If the famous Martin family with the inimitable Phoebe and Ernest were to appear a dozen times in as many different volumes the reading public would be just as enthusiastic in its reception the last time as the first. A second set of these stories by Inez Haynes Gillmore appears under the title "Phoebe, Ernest, and Cupid." In their characteristic manner Phoebe and Ernest face the problems which naturally come after school days are ended. If anything Phoebe is more fascinating in her house-hunting period than in any of her previous moods, and we follow her breathlessly quick changes of opinion and taste with keener interest than is often accorded a mere story-book heroine. Ernest at Princeton, and the way in which he learned to take care of himself in spite of his mother's fears and doubts, is deliciously realistic. Miss Gillmore succeeds beyond the great majority of writers in creating living beings who are in every way original and at the same time universally familiar. Henry Holt & Co.

General James Harrison Wilson's "Under the Old Flag," which D. Appleton & Co. publish in two volumes, is at once an interesting and vivid contribution to American history, and a series of intimate personal memoirs. It might have been assumed that—more than fifty years after the beginning of the Civil War—no more fresh records of personal experiences in that great struggle could reasonably be looked for. But it is precisely this which we have in the present work. General Wilson, at that time a recent graduate of West Point, served for some months in 1861 and 1862 as chief topographical engineer on the staff of General T. W. Sherman, and participated in the siege and capture of Fort Pulaski. Then he served as assistant engineer on the staff of General McClellan in the Antietam campaign, and on the staff of General Grant in Western Tennessee and Northern Mississippi, in the Vicksburg campaign, and in the Chattanooga campaign; then as Brigadier General of Volunteers in command of the third cavalry division in Sheridan's Virginia campaigns, and later as commander of the cavalry corps military division of the Mississippi, in the campaign against Hood in Middle Tennessee and in the last campaign of the war through Alabama and Georgia. In these various lines of service he was brought into close contact with the leading commanders and witnessed some of the most critical military operations. Of these he now writes candidly and fully, with no undue exaltation of his own share in the events which he describes but in the graphic style of an eye-witness. It is not often that a single work combines in such measure as this the vividness of personal experience with the impartiality of an historian, writing many years after and with due historical perspective. The closing

chapters are devoted to a brief account of the author's experiences during the war with Spain and during the "Boxer War" in China,—for it has been his unusual experience to serve "under the old flag" in three wars. From beginning to end General Willson's memoirs are alive with interest, and they will be the more widely welcomed because their appearance at this late date is so surprising.

Another group of books for boy and girl readers of various ages comes from the press of the Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company. "Jean Cabot at Ashton" by Gertrude Fisher Scott, describes vividly and sensibly a girl's experiences, athletic, social, and other, during the first year at a girls' college; "Mr. Responsibility, Partner" by Clarence Messer, tells the story of a boy's business activities and how they prospered; "Hester's Wage-Earning,"—the third volume in the Hester Series, by Jean K. Baird, carries the bright young heroine into work as a newspaper reporter and leads her to the unravelling of certain family mysteries of her own; "Nobody's Rose" by Adele E. Thompson, also deals somewhat with family mysteries, and describes interestingly the unfolding of a girl's character under adverse conditions; "Next-Night Stories" by Clarence Johnson Messer, is a group of a dozen animal stories in the "Uncle Remus" vein, in which foxes, bears, woodchucks, beavers and other dumb creatures talk like "folks" and act like them. All of the books are illustrated.

"A Valiant Woman," by M. F., the author of "The Journal of a Recluse," is not a novel but a series of essays on educational subjects, held together as a tribute and an interpretation of a woman who was the author's teacher. She must have been indeed

a wonderful and strongly individual person, and M. F.'s introduction and last chapter, which are devoted entirely to depicting her, are beautifully clear and vivid. As a contribution to the educational problem, however, is no doubt the value of the essays that make up the bulk of the book. They would make excellent lectures to a college class in "Education," but the mothers and teachers of the very young, for whom they are intended, will find them a trifle difficult for casual reading. Popular essays need above all things ease in transitions, and this prose, while progressing logically enough, progresses in blocks, like a pavement. The process is aided invariably by quotations from an extraordinary range of educational authorities. The author's opinions are well defined, and often hostile to recent thought, as when she attacks Ellen Key almost with venom. There is little, however, to quarrel with in the book, for most of the defects the author most deplors are universally sighed over. The value of the whole lies entirely in the inspiration of the figure of "The Valiant Woman" herself. T. Y. Crowell Co.

"As Caesar's Wife," by Margarita Spalding Gerry, displays the passion of jealousy, mingled with love and hate, in that peculiar degree of intensity which novelists are fond of naming elemental, but which often seems to the reader merely elementary. Those who read for the thrill of swift narrative will find its pages absorbing, for from Ruth Ward's early morning return to her husband in the automobile of his best friend to their final reconciliation it plays powerfully and rapidly on the emotions, from open diapason to vox humana. But those who are led to books by a love of life will miss its quiet humors and the little details that make its background, and

will be disappointed at having to accept a lock of white hair and a habitual evasion of profanity as the sole representatives of the thousand quirks of character that mark out an individuality. And, somehow, the ultimate impeccability of all these elemental natures manages to destroy whatever effect of partial reality may have been built up by pages of keen observation of the physical expression of emotion. Harper & Bros.

Miss Florence Converse has rarely improved a rare opportunity in her "The Children of Light," but that the leading Socialists will perceive what a weapon she has forged for them, or that Christian politicians will accept it from her hands is hardly to be expected. The story is divided into two books "Celestial Light" and "Common Day," and, beginning in a moribund corporative community, it ends by taking the hero, the heroine, and their friends and kindred through the scenes of a great sympathetic strike. In turn, Miss Converse uses the direct narrative, letter, and the diary, and even poetry as vehicles to show the growth of Clara, Lucian, Cyrus, Helen, and Cuthbert from childhood to maturity, and very real children of the present they are. The two chapters, "The Cooperative Child" and "A Franciscan Revival" need not fear comparison with George Eliot's description of the childhood of Tom and Maggie Tulliver. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Long and conscientious practice of the art and science of music, criticism, study of music of many species, and minute and intimate acquaintance with the dramatic world, the patent qualifications of Mr. W. J. Henderson to write a novel of the lyric stage, will hardly account for the insight in "The Soul of a Tenor." His chief personages

are an American music critic of the very best sort, an Hungarian gypsy, with a wonderful voice and mistress of all the arts which draw men to destruction; and lastly the tenor and his wife, both Americans, and both rather contemptuously regarded by the gypsy and other foreign singers. Equally despised as belonging to a nation of hucksters, and as being preternaturally unsuspicious, the two fall easy victims to the gypsy, who kindly explains herself as intent upon revealing the tenor to himself, in short, of sounding him from his lowest note to the top of his compass. She succeeds, but the husband's despised American spirit quickly recovers its health and he repulses his temptress, plainly telling her that he has never loved her. His later fate and the ending of his story are matters which any reasonable reader will prefer to learn from the book itself, and it is in this part of the story that the author displays special skill. Henry Holt & Co.

In "The Provincial American" Mr. Meredith Nicholson, having, as he some time ago confessed, hung his sword over the fireplace and resolved never to thunder again upon the tavern door at midnight, turns from the field of fiction—and popular fiction—to that of the essay. Most of his papers in this volume have appeared, more or less recently, in the Atlantic, and without being anything but individual, they are distinctly "Atlantic Essays," and very good ones. The first three discuss the provincial American, that is, the typical American, and the American of the Hoosier district. Mr. Nicholson understands the middle class American and appreciates him as few men of his culture are able to. "The Tired Business Man" is also in this collection, and the masterly paper called "Should Smith Go to Church?" Best-known perhaps and certainly upon the most interesting

from the standpoint of the curious is the "Confessions of a Best Seller," a delightfully frank straightforward statement of his own aims, methods and successes. The style is pleasantly conversational and sometimes fine and distinguished. The book is a hopeful sample of what our literary men might be doing, and so few of them really can do,—the sort of essay that blossoms in England and too often languishes in neglect on our shores. Houghton Mifflin Co.

When Booker T. Washington was given two months' leave of absence from his work at Tuskegee and was asked to spend the time in rest and recreation, he went to Europe and made a wide investigation into the condition of the least fortunate classes of the old countries. It was his idea to compare "The Man Farthest Down" in Europe with the sons and grandsons of the slaves in this country, and he has come to some extremely interesting and, what is better, very hopeful conclusions in the matter. His book is full of observations that will surprise the reader who is untrained in social work. Always Mr. Washington has had in mind the rank and file of the negro race as he so intimately knows it in the South, and without any trouble he makes clear the comparison between the negro and the great laboring class of England, the peasants of Italy, the most degraded of the Slavs, the Polish Jew, the workers in the sulphur mines in Sicily, and the powerful and increasingly wealthy dairy farmers of Denmark. Dr. Washington had in the preparation of this book the help of Dr. Robert E. Park, a European thoroughly familiar with the significant aspects of society. One can safely trust Dr. Washington's observations, despite the hurried nature of his tour. The book is thoroughly interesting and

untechnical. Even to people not practically interested in the negro question, it will be found valuable as a dispassionate report of European conditions. To all it should be illuminating to realize that while fifty millions are annually spent in charity and relief of London's poor, the only purpose for which the American negro has asked or received philanthropic aid—his education—has in the whole country an annual income of less than a million. Doubleday, Page & Co.

"Roddles" is the curiosity-provoking title of a singularly clever and powerful novel by Paul Neuman. The queer little tailor of wide vision and unfortunate habits who gives his name to the book is the father of motherless twin sons who are twelve years old when the story opens. Crippled by the buffets which destiny and chance have offered him, Roddles has one ideal in life, namely that his sons shall rise to the loftiest heights possible by means of an education and he does not spare the rod in this good cause. One son goes to a board school and the other to a church school so that they may never stand in one another's way, but each always rank first in his form. Without affection or any of the softer virtues, ambition is the goad for the whole household. As the years pass, the sons fulfill Roddles' most clearly calculated and at the same time passionate dreams. Naturally they grow away from their incomprehensible drunken father and at the summit of their careers are absolutely estranged from him. The wonderful thing about the book is the way in which the reader is made to acknowledge the befuddled and crabbed Roddles as a greater genius and more lovable character than either of his famous sons. Only once in a great while does one find a book so absorbing and affecting. George H. Doran Company.